SIXTIETH THOUSAND.

THE AMARANTH;

OR,

Songs and Tunes

For the Children of the Church.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:

Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

1872.

M. E. S. School

Bolivar

Tennessee

SCB
2858

49630

32351

THE AMARANTH:

A BOOK OF

SONGS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND CONCERT PIECES,

FOR

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL;

WITH OCCASIONAL PIECES FOR THE CHOIR.

EDITED BY

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECRETARY.

R. M. McINTOSH,
EDITOR "TABOR," "GLAD TIDINGS," ETC.

Sing praises to God, sing praises.—*Psalm* xlvii. 6.
There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion.—*Milton.*

Nashville, Tenn.:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. REDFORD, AGENT, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
1872.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by A. H. Redford, Agent, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

For several years past, the conviction has been growing in the mind of the Church that, in the use of perhaps not less than forty different books of Sunday-school music—ignoring, as most of them do, the choicest hymns of the Church—our children will "be taught *not* to sing with the congregation." Hoping to remedy, in some degree, this evil, the General Conference, which met in Memphis, May, 1870, passed the following:

"*Resolved*, That this General Conference hereby directs the publication of a suitable book of Sunday-school music as soon as practicable."

The duty of bringing out this work was assigned to the Sunday-school Secretary, and the following gentlemen were "appointed a committee to aid him" in the work: T. J. Magruder, W. H. Foster, Rev. W. P. Harrison, D.D., T. F. Childs, and O. B. Kerlin.

In the nature of the case these gentlemen have not been able to afford the Secretary that measure of assistance which he would gladly have received from them. This is stated in justice to the committee, that they may not be blamed for whatever may be imagined to be objectionable in the book. For what they have been able to do we are thankful.

To Messrs. Root & Cady, Mr. T. E. Perkins, Mr. Philip Phillips, Rev. Robert Lowry, Dr. A. B. Everett, W. H. Doane, O. W. Perkins, and others, among the leading publishers and most gifted composers, we are under many obligations. We are much indebted to the Book Editor, Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D., LL.D., for important assistance that his varied gifts and complete acquaintance with hymnology eminently prepared him to give. But in attempting to meet the requirement of the General Conference, in bringing out this book—for which neither talent nor education had fitted us—we owe most to Mr. R. M. McIntosh, a worthy member of our Church, whose interest in the cause induced him to bring to our aid both educated talent and ripe experience; for which the only remuneration that he accepts is the pleasure of doing good.

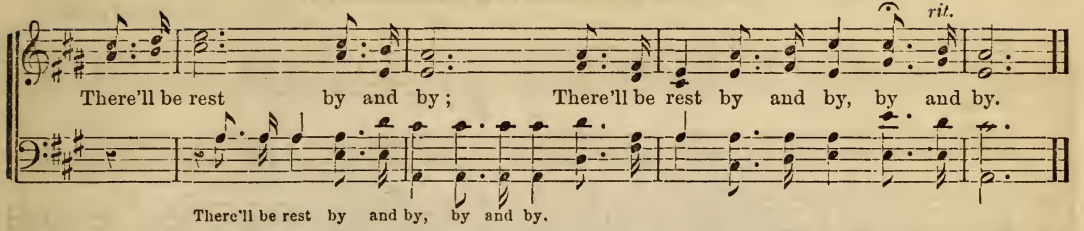
For the many excellences of this book our friends must receive the credit; for its defects we must be forgiven—we have done what we could.

While avowing that it does not reach even our own ideal of what such a work ought to be, it is not presumptuous to say that it is believed to be better adapted to the wants of a Christian Sunday-school than those we have been using. While the work retains the true characteristics of a Sunday-school Music-book, we hope to be approved for introducing many of those noble hymns in which the Church has long offered the incense of praise and celebrated the triumphs of grace.

We have ventured to call this little book of songs "The Amaranth:" a word that is not to be taken as descriptive of the humble volume that it adorns, but of those immortal gospel truths which give to sacred song all its inspiration. St. Peter has used the word, in its original form, to describe that "inheritance" which is not only "incorruptible and undefiled," but so divine in its nature and supports, that it may be said also, that it "*fadeth not away*, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

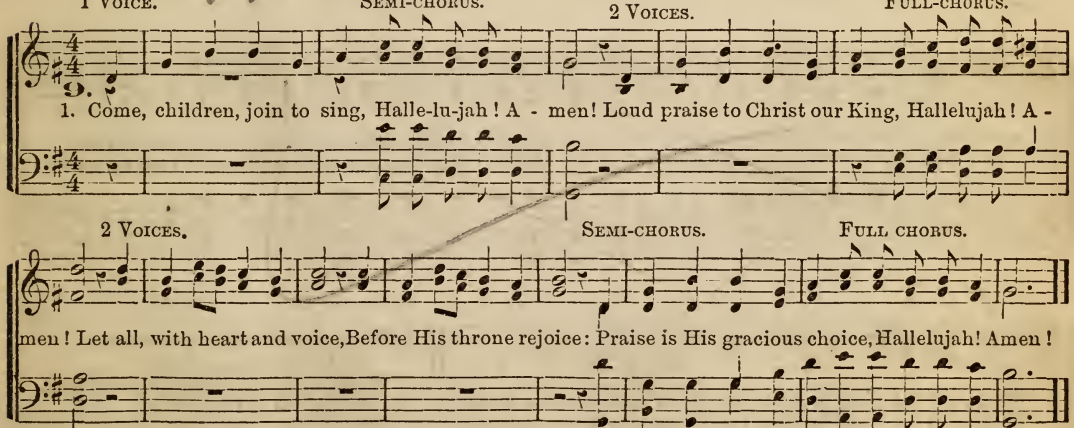
ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD,
Sunday-school Secretary

Nashville, *March* 1, 1871.



PRAISE TO CHRIST.

L. C. EVERETT, Toronto, C. W.
From "CANADIAN WARBLER."

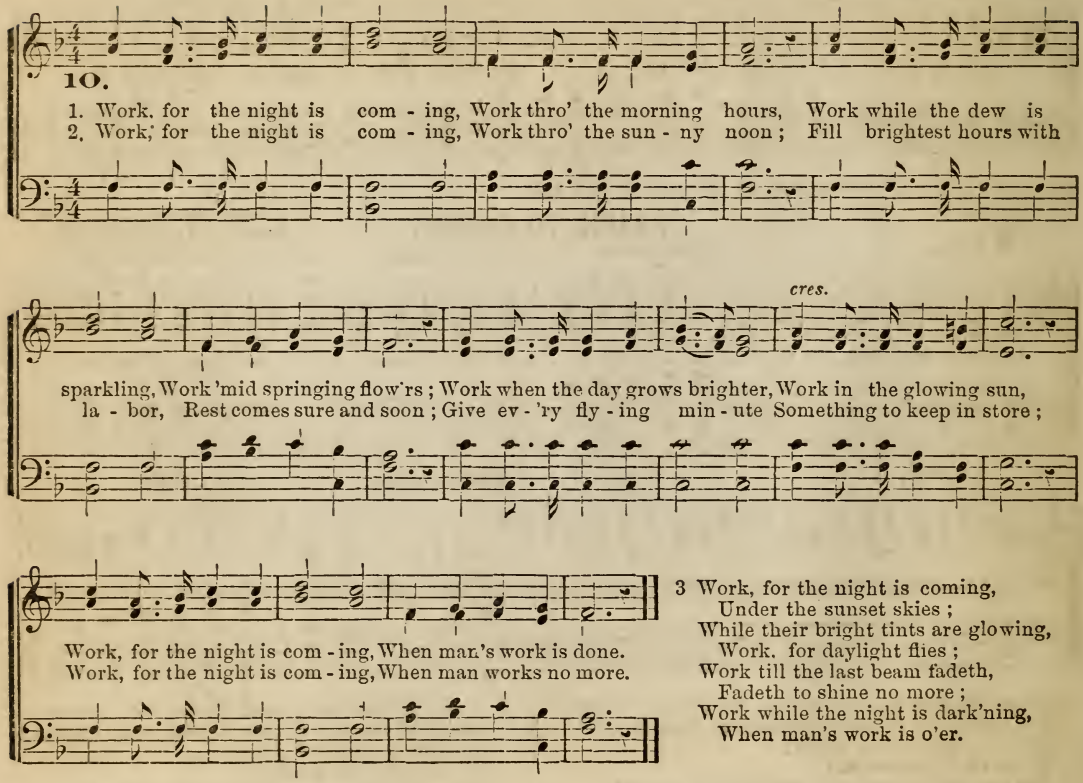


2 Come, lift your hearts on high, Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky, Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end, Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again, Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain, Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore, Hallelujah! Amen!

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

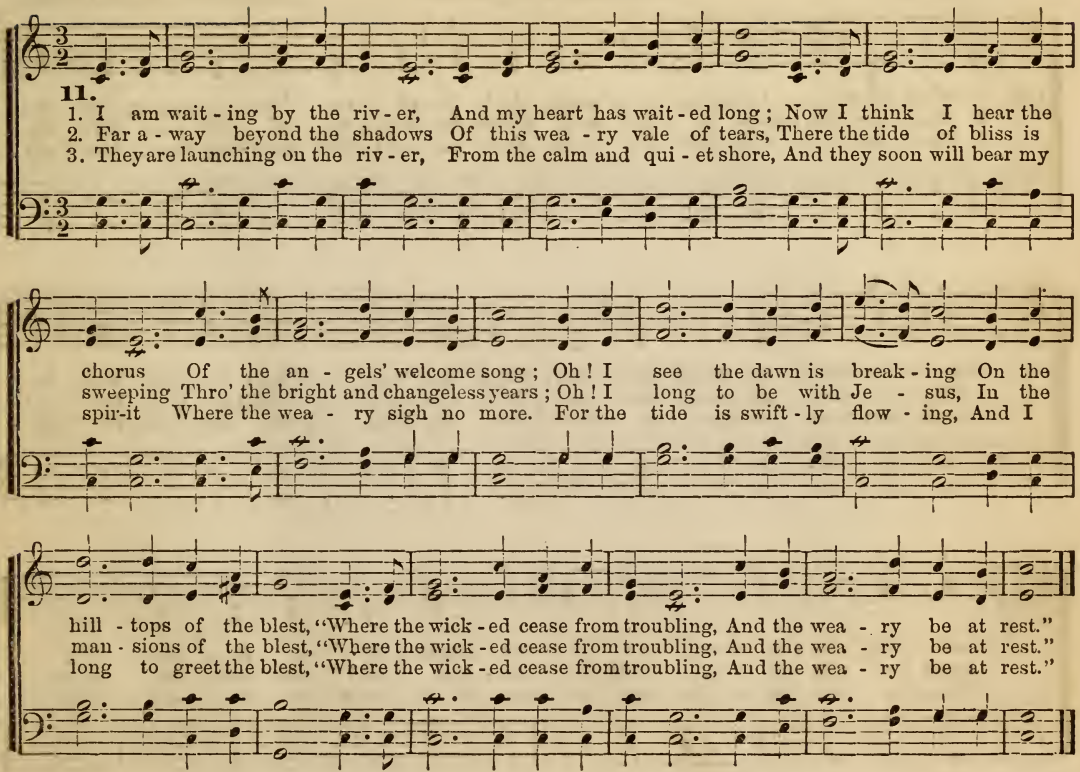
From "Song Garden," by per.



3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.
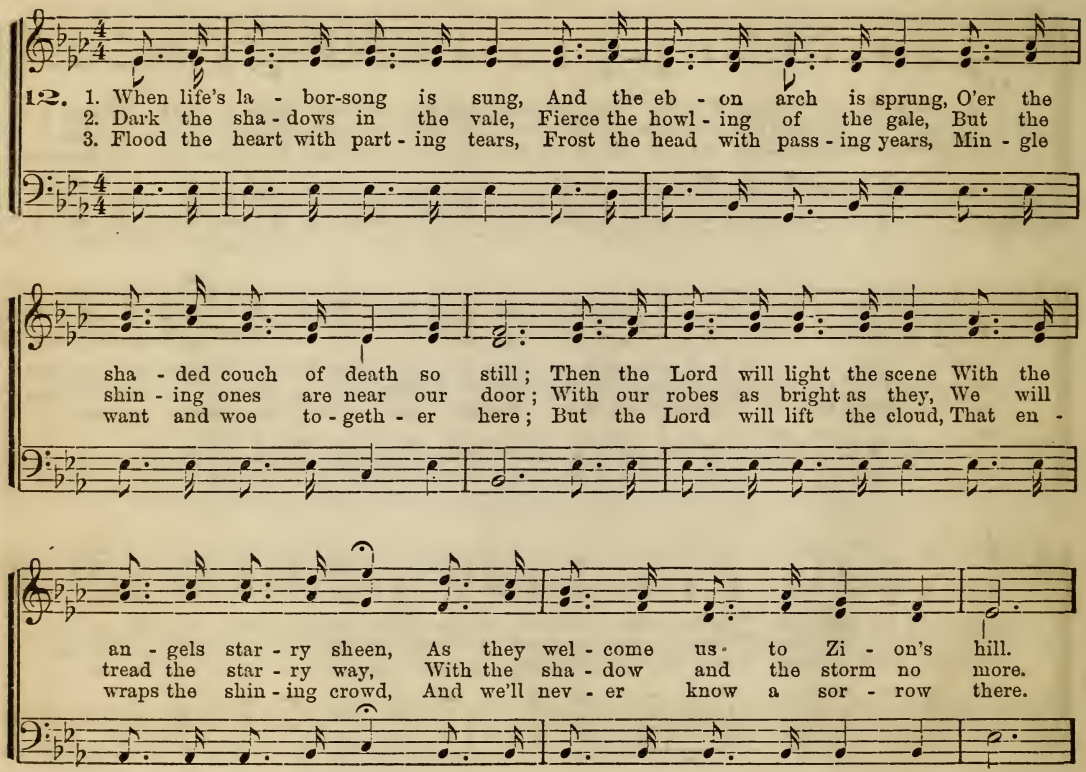
WAITING BY THE RIVER.

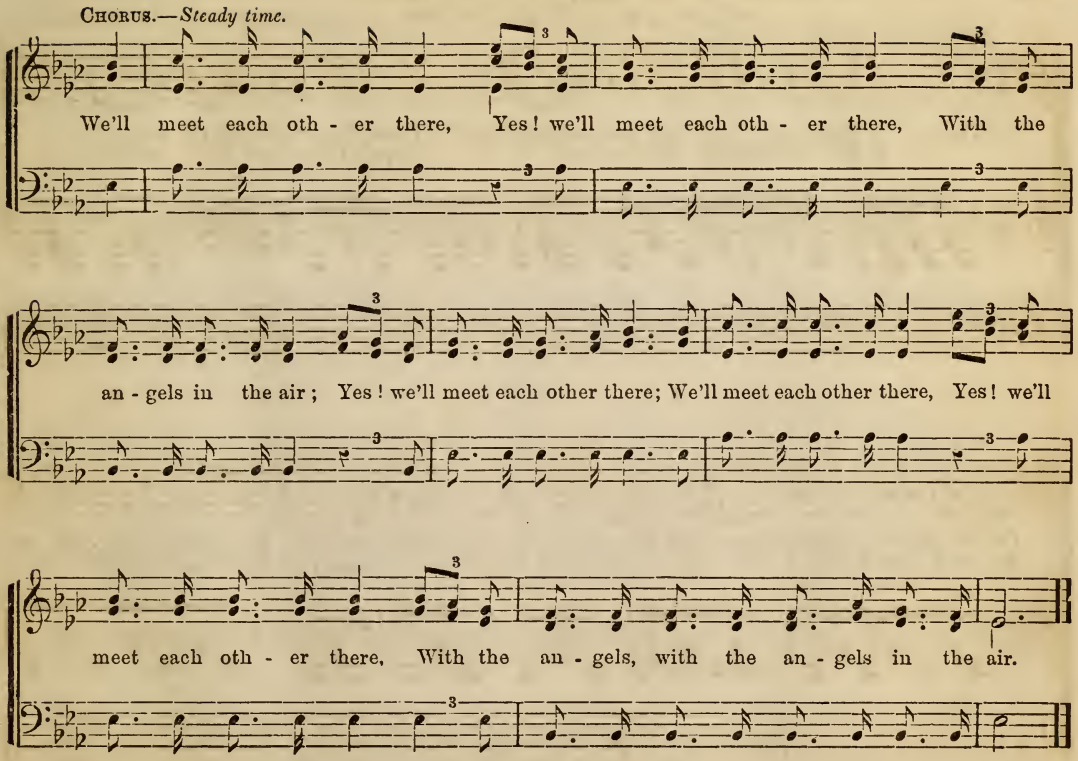
"There shall be no more death." Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

By permission. Rev. R. LOWRY.

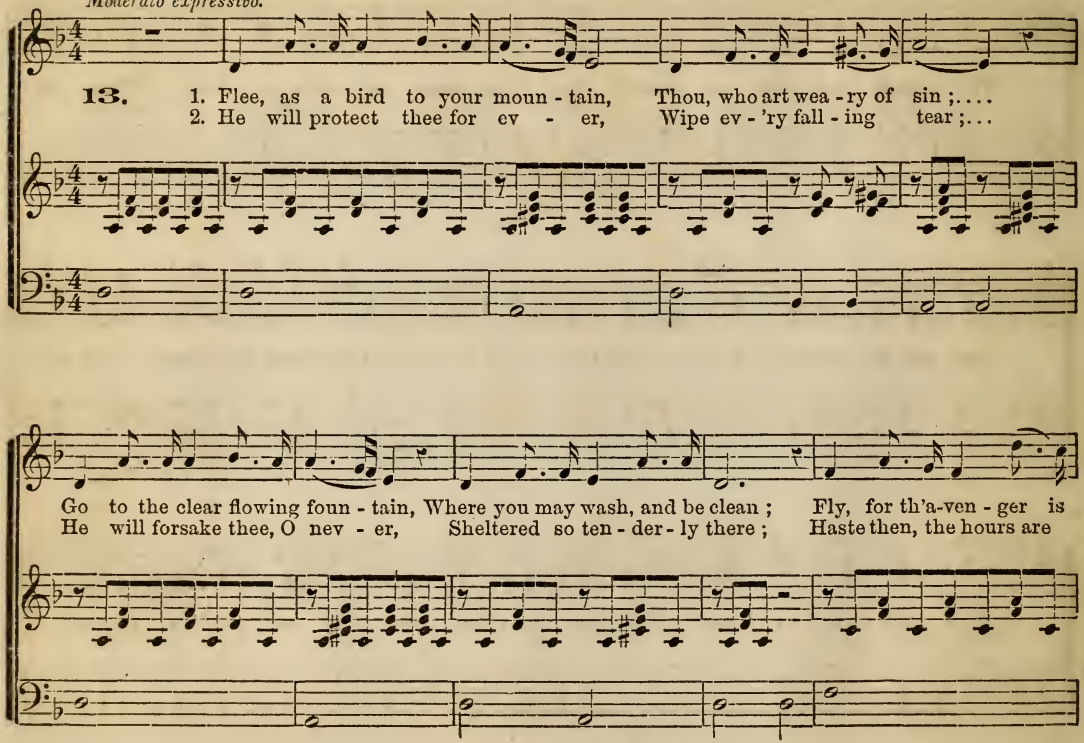



Chorus.—Steady time.
We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there, With the
an - gels in the air; Yes! we'll meet each other there; We'll meet each other there, Yes! we'll
meet each oth - er there, With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air.

FLEE, AS A BIRD.

Arranged from Mrs. DANA by GEO. F. ROOT. By permission of Messrs. O. DITSON & Co.

Moderato expressivo.

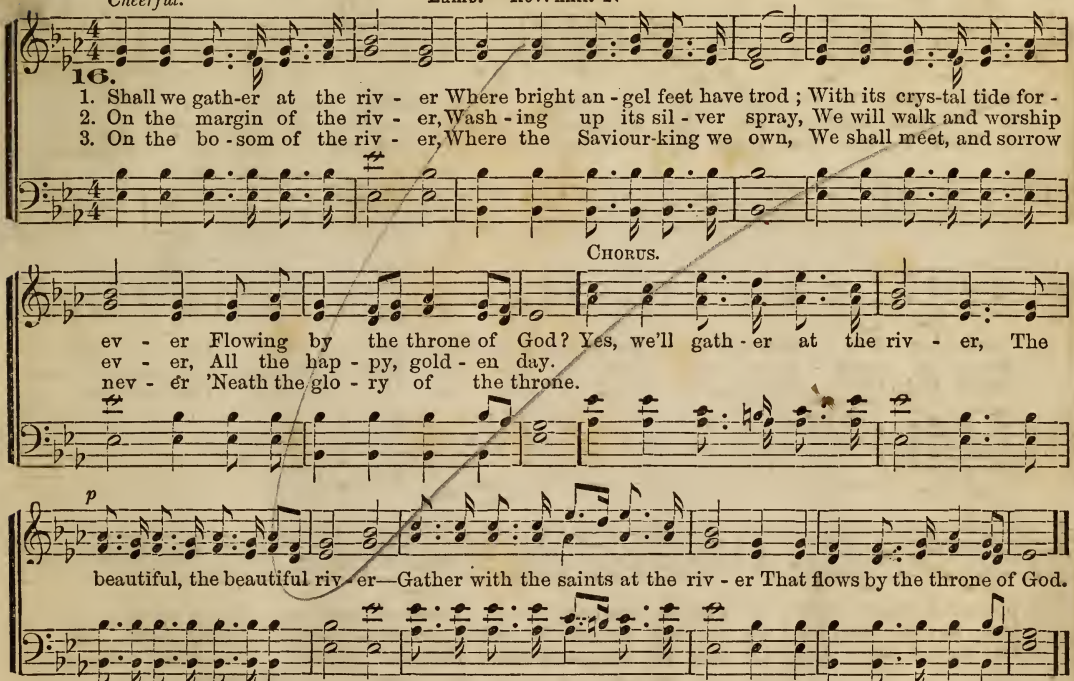


BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

By per. of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

"And He showed me a pure River of water of Life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

Cheerful.



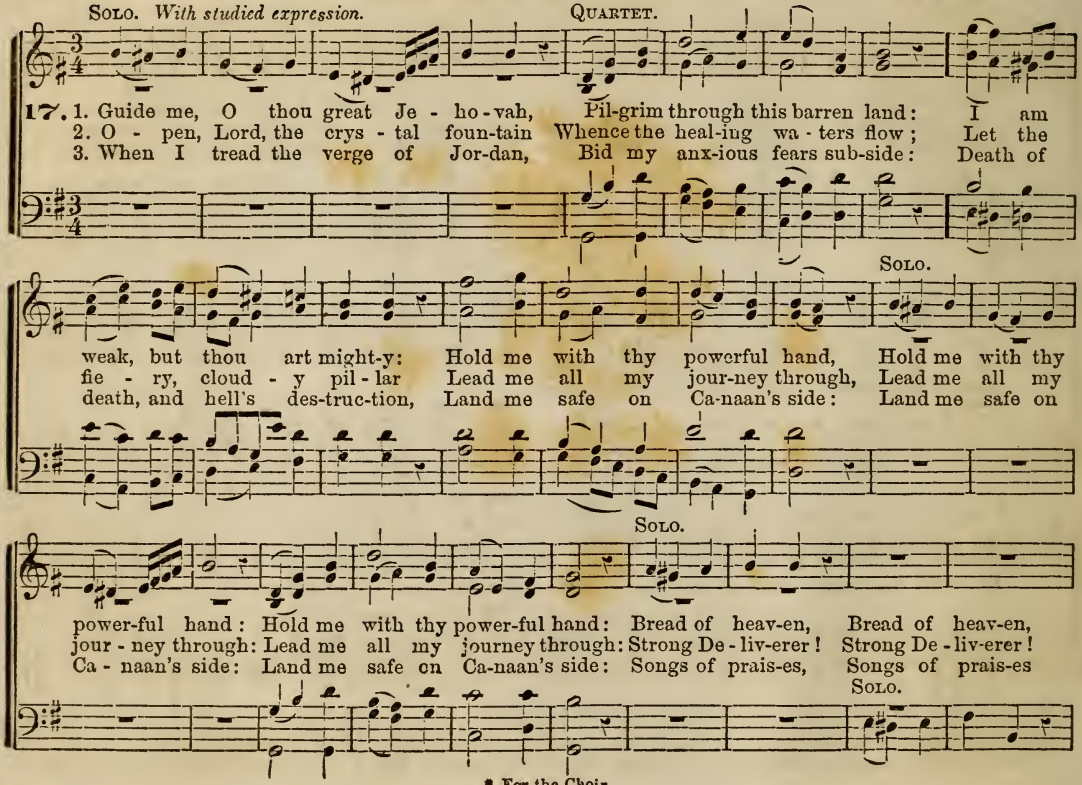
4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

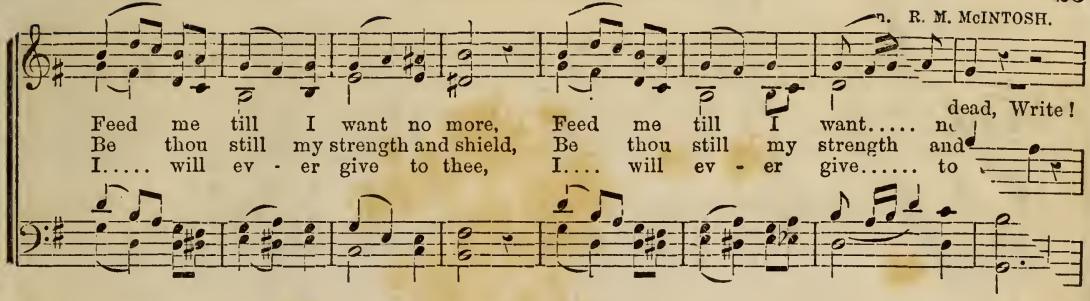
GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. *

WILLIAMS. SOLO AND QUARTET. R. M. McINTOSH.



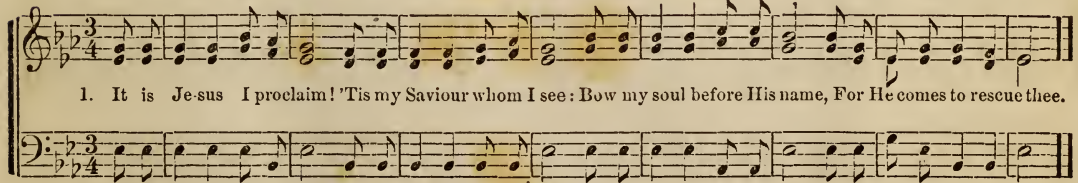
* For the Choir.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. Concluded.



LOOKING TO CHRIST.

Words translated from the French by Mrs. MARY B. CLARKE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



18. 2 With a word all wounds he cures,
Breaks the captive's chain away,
And His smile to us insures
Light—however dark the way.

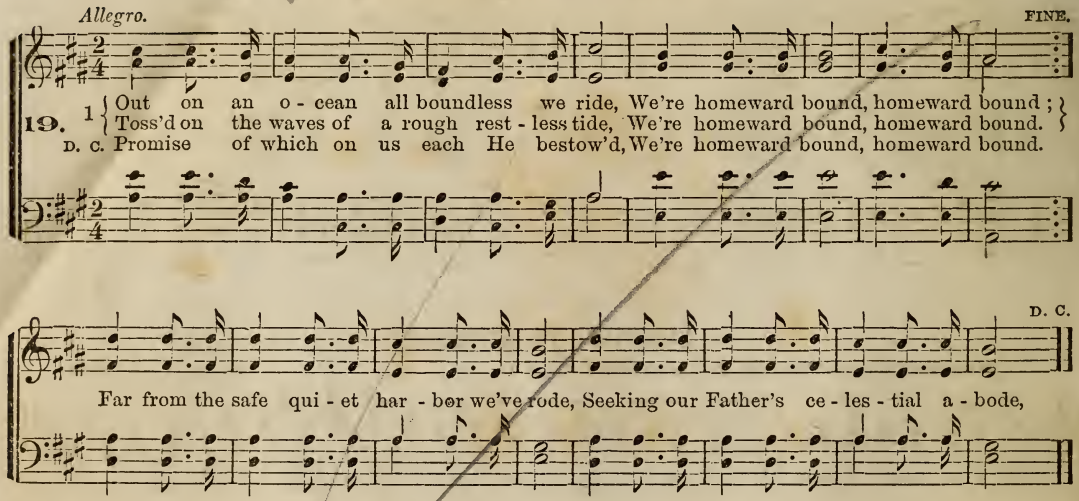
3 Child of Adam, Lord am I;
Sin and wickedness I've brought:
But for sinners thou didst die—
Let me find what I have sought.

4 As the brazen serpent gave,
In the desert, life once more;
So one look to Thee can save,
And my dying soul restore.

5 Teach me Lord this hope so sure—
Let me from Thee seek relief;
And, that faith and strength endure,
Lord augment my weak belief.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arr. by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



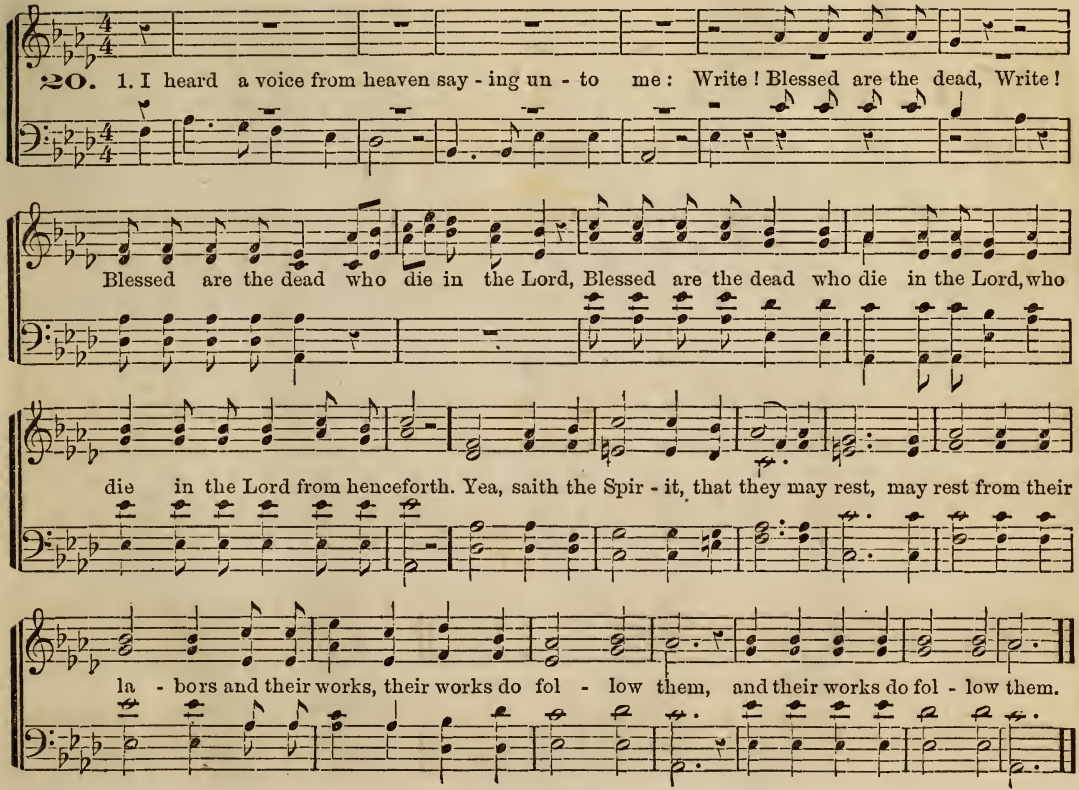
2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel ;
Steady ! we soon shall outweather the gale.
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail !
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
Join in our number,—oh, come and be blest ;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest.
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last ;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last ;
Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last !

I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

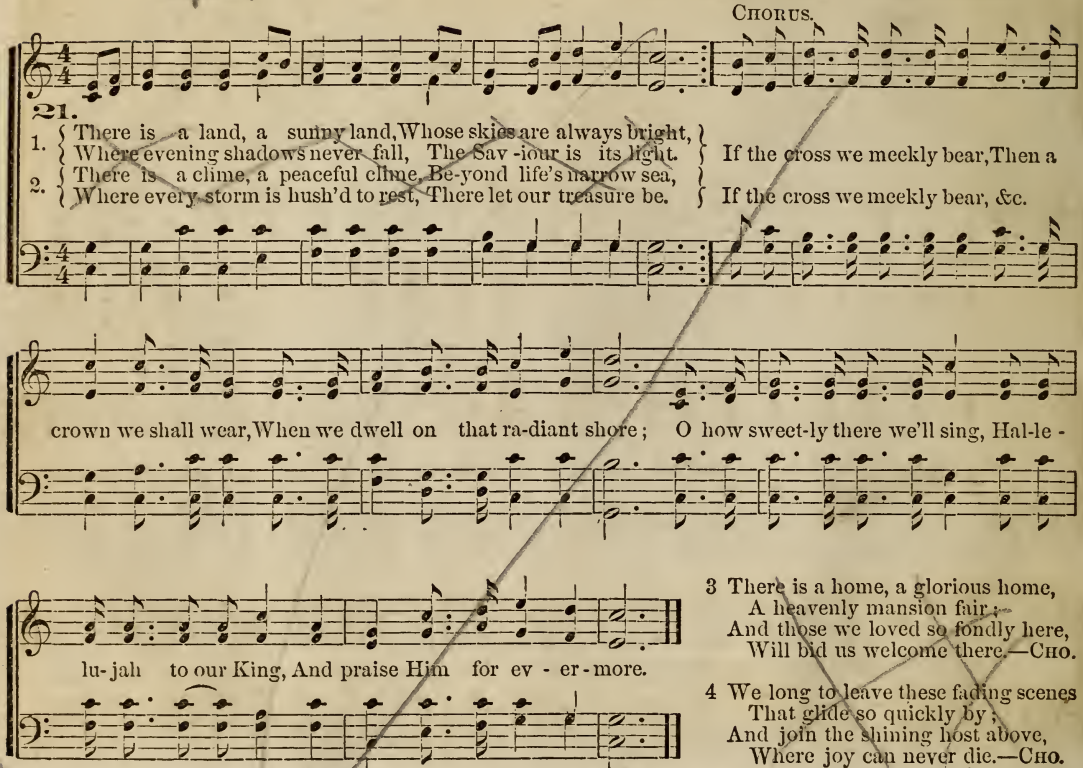
From "TABOR," by permission. R. M. McINTOSH.



IF THE CROSS WE MEEKLY BEAR.

T. E. PERKINS. From "SONGS OF SALVATION."

CHORUS.

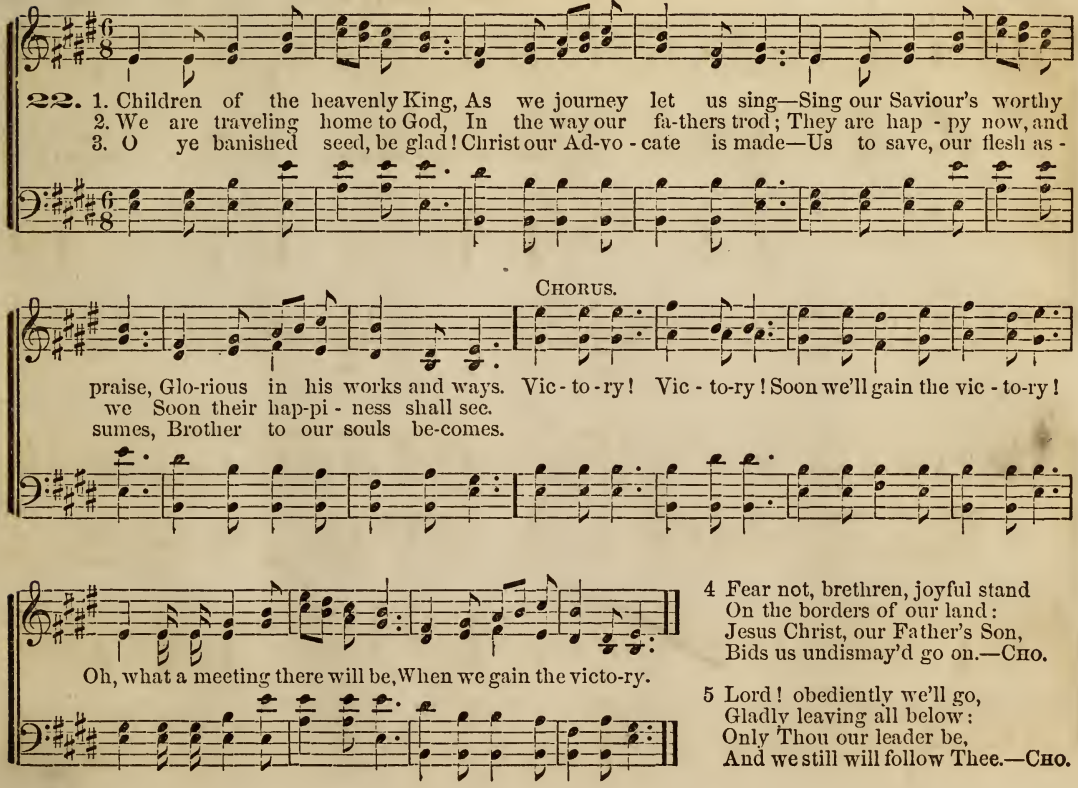


3 There is a home, a glorious home,
A heavenly mansion fair;
And those we loved so fondly here,
Will bid us welcome there.—CHO.

4 We long to leave these fading scenes
That glide so quickly by;
And join the shining host above,
Where joy can never die.—CHO.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

Words by CENNICK. Music by HENRY TUCKER.

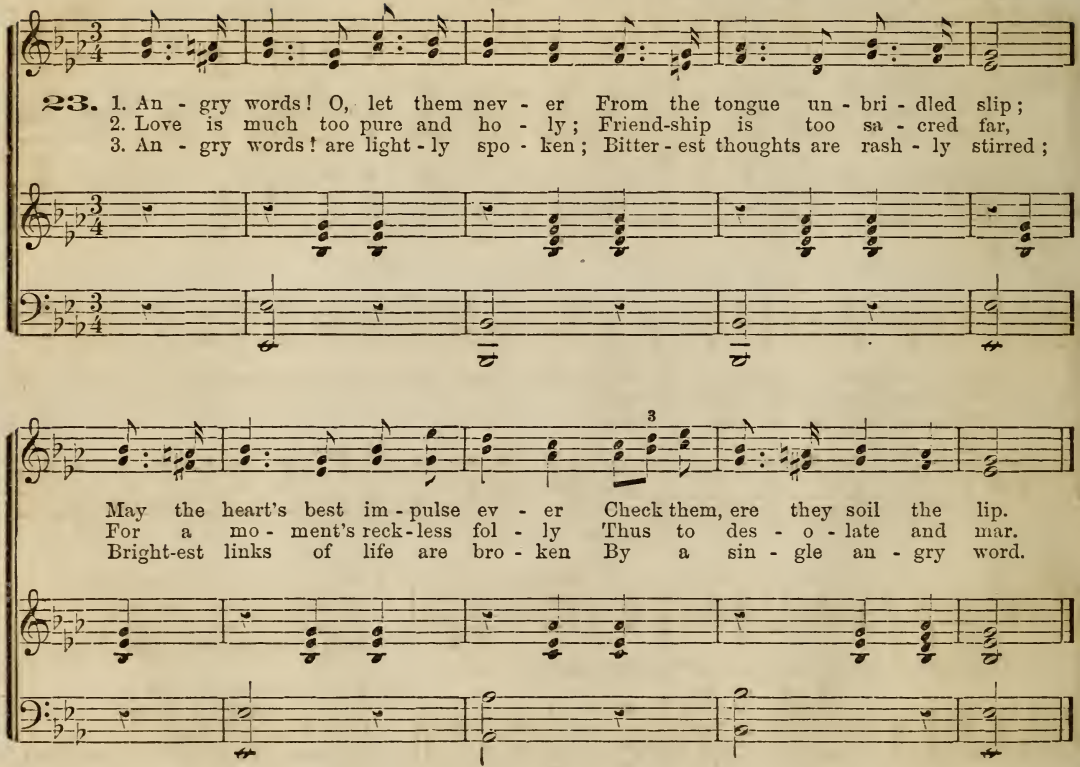


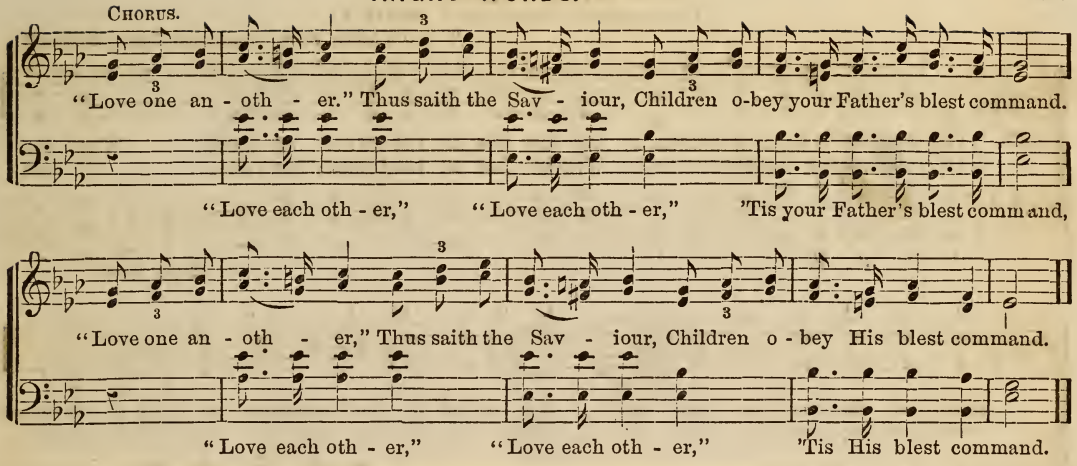
4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.—CHO.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.—CHO.

ANGRY WORDS.

From "PALMER'S S. S. SONGS," by per. H. R. PALMER

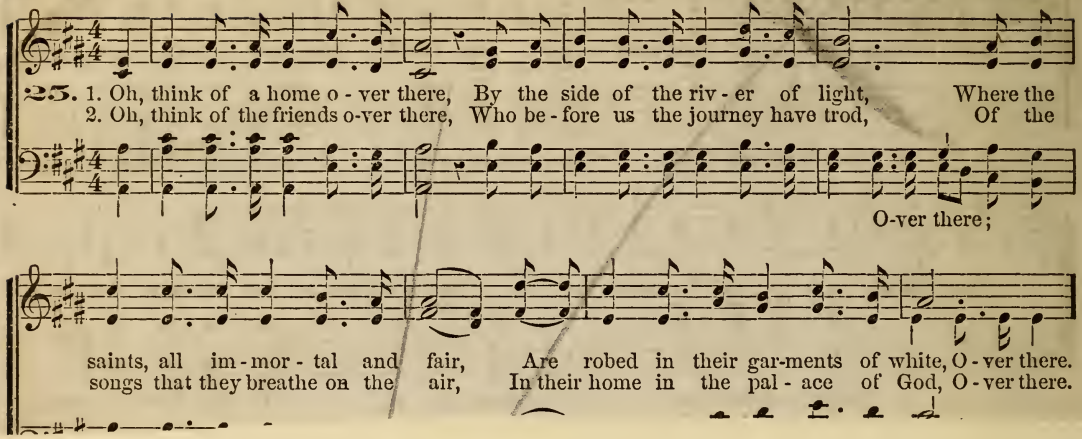


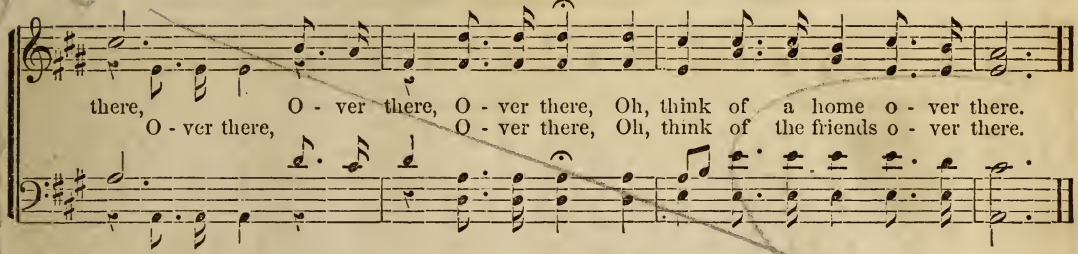

Chorus.
"Love one an - oth - er." Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children o-bey your Father's blest command.
"Love each oth - er," "Love each oth - er," 'Tis your Father's blest comm and,
"Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children o - bey His blest command.
"Love each oth - er," "Love each oth - er," 'Tis His blest command.

OVER THERE.

"I go to prepare a place for you." John 14 : 2.

T. C. O'KANE. From "HALLOWED SONGS, Revised."



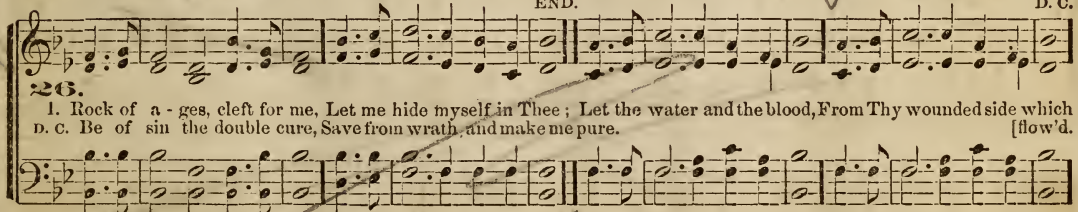


3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



26.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which
D. C. Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. [flow'd.
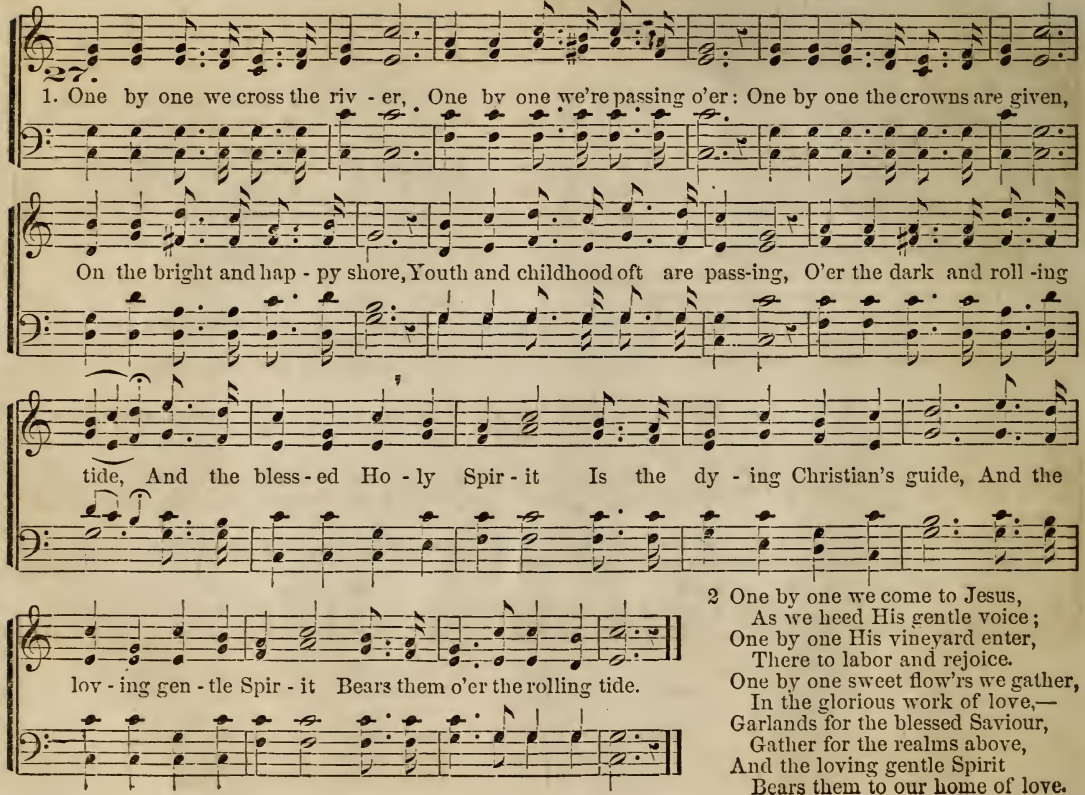
2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

ONE BY ONE.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. Music by T. E. PERKINS, From "SABBATH CAROLS," by per.

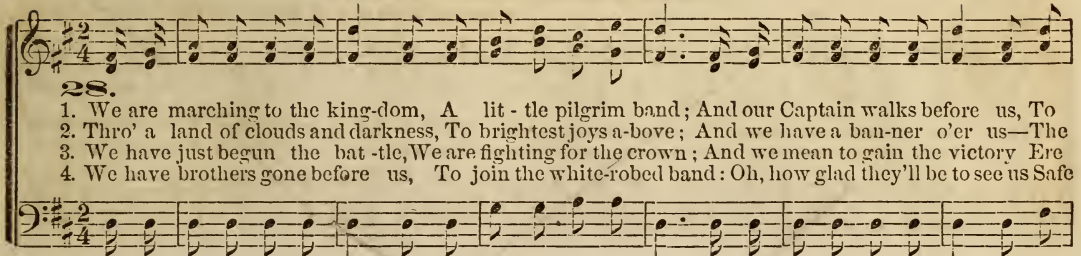
27.



2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one His vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flow'rs we gather,
In the glorious work of love,—
Garlands for the blessed Saviour,
Gather for the realms above,
And the loving gentle Spirit
Bears them to our home of love.

WE ARE MARCHING TO THE KINGDOM.

Words by Mrs. MATILDA C. EDWARDS. Music by R. M. McINTOSH, From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



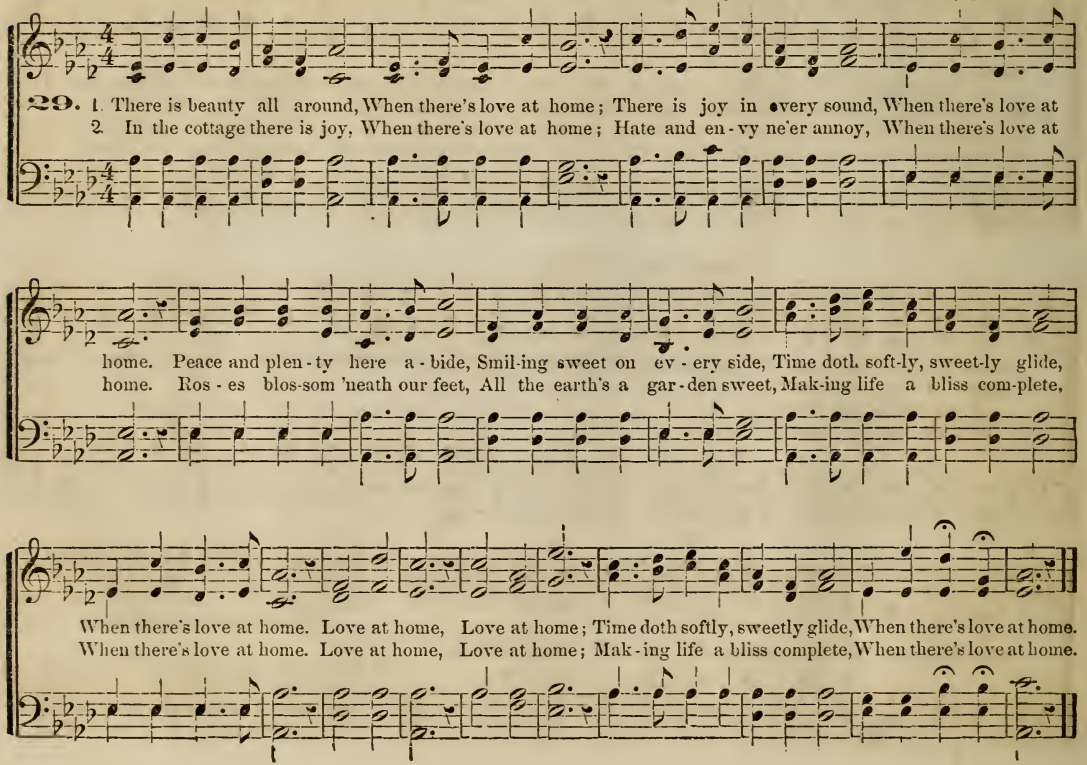
5 They are waiting for our coming
On that bright blessed shore;
And how sweet 'twill be to meet them
Where parting is no more.—CHO.

6 March on, dear little pilgrims,
March on and take your crown;
And bear your cross with patience,
Till call'd to lay it down.—CHO.

LOVE AT HOME.

"Learn first to show piety at home." 1 Tim. 5 : 4.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON. By permission.

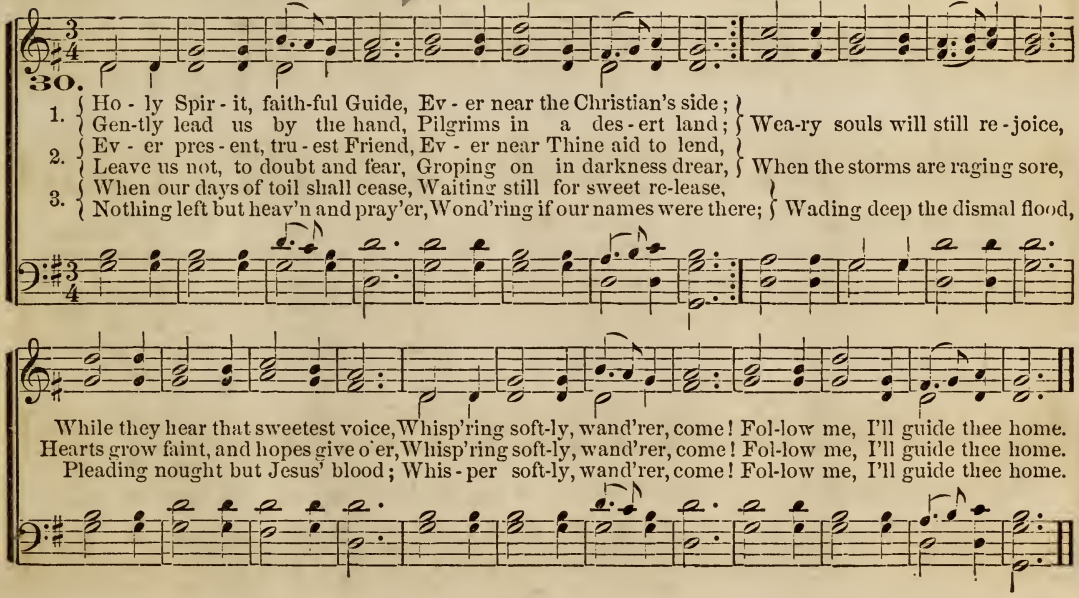


3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
‖: Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's ‖: love at home. :‖ :‖

4 Jesus, show Thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am Thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, Thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
‖: Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's ‖: love at home. :‖ :‖

GUIDE.

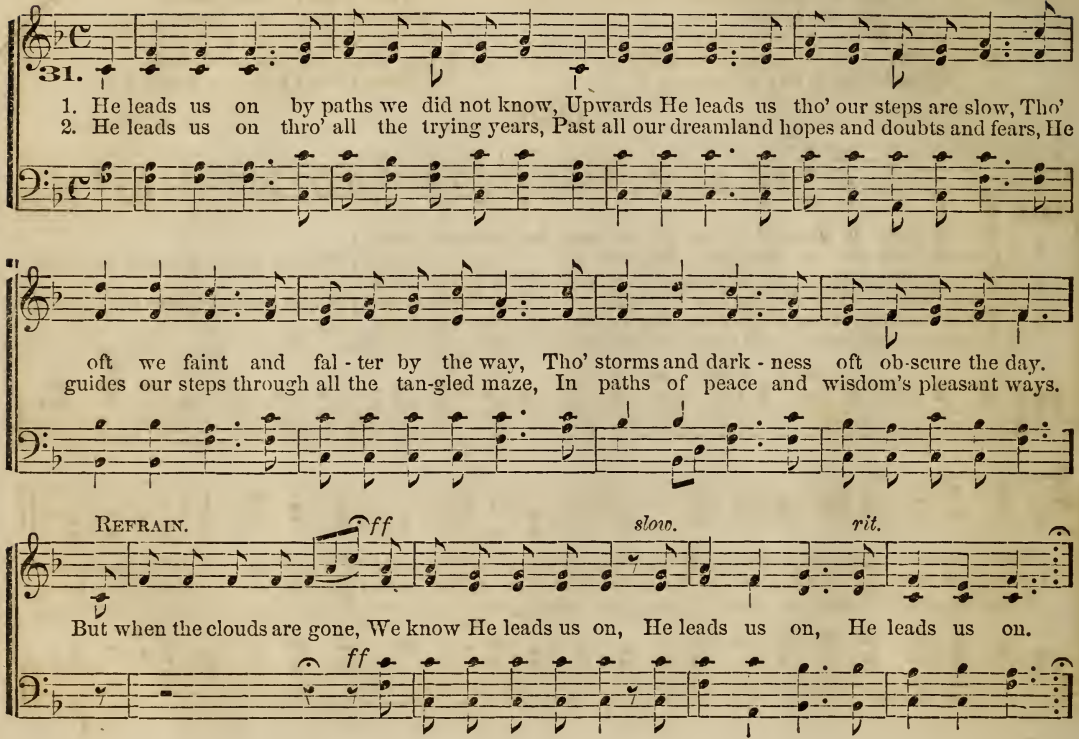
M. M. WELLS.



HE LEADS US ON.

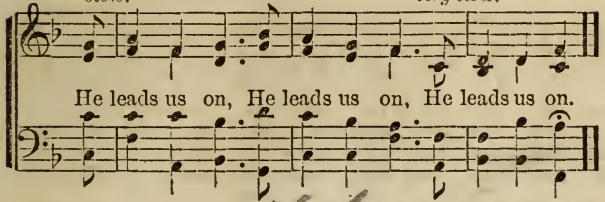
"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake."

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "NEW STANDARD SINGER," by per.



AT THE END OF THE LAST VERSE.

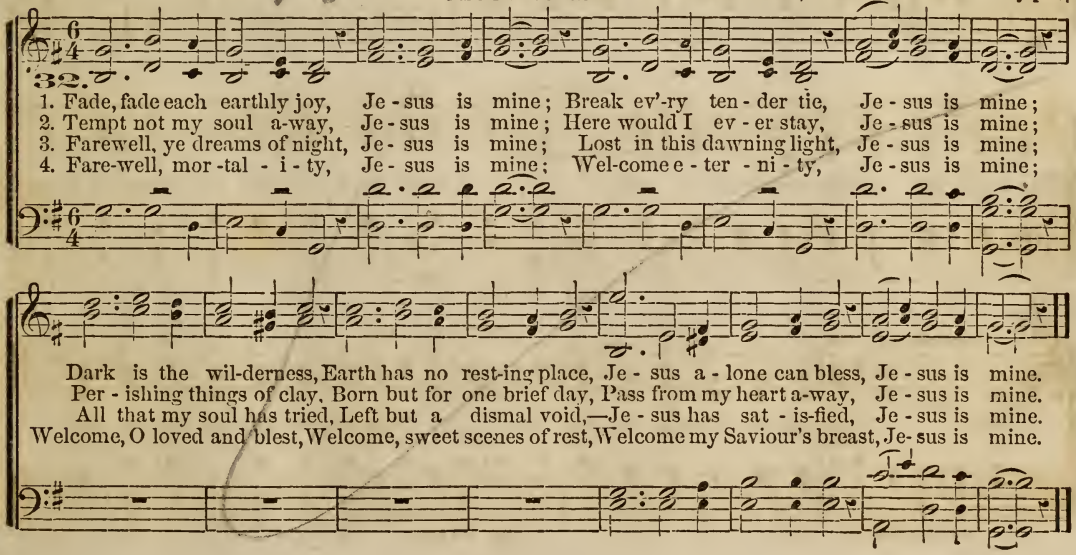
slow. *very slow.*



3.

And He at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life.
No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore.
REFRAIN.—But when, &c.

JESUS IS MINE. R. M. McINTOSH, From "GLAD TIDINGS." by per.

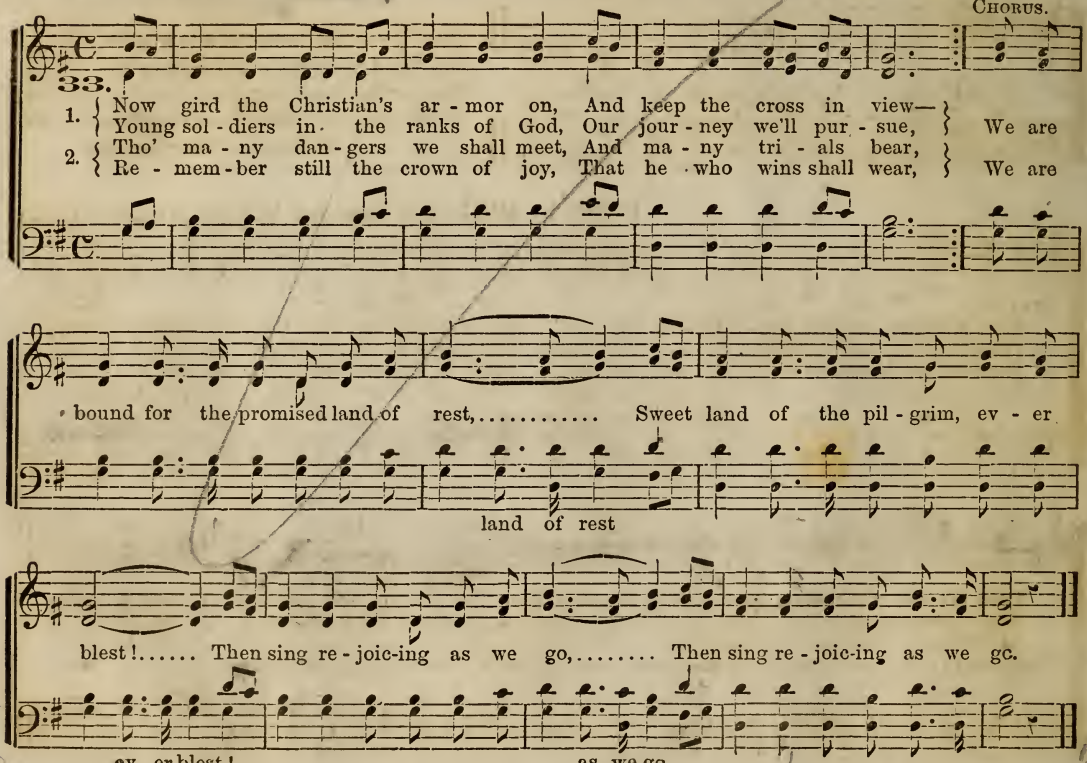


YOUNG SOLDIERS.

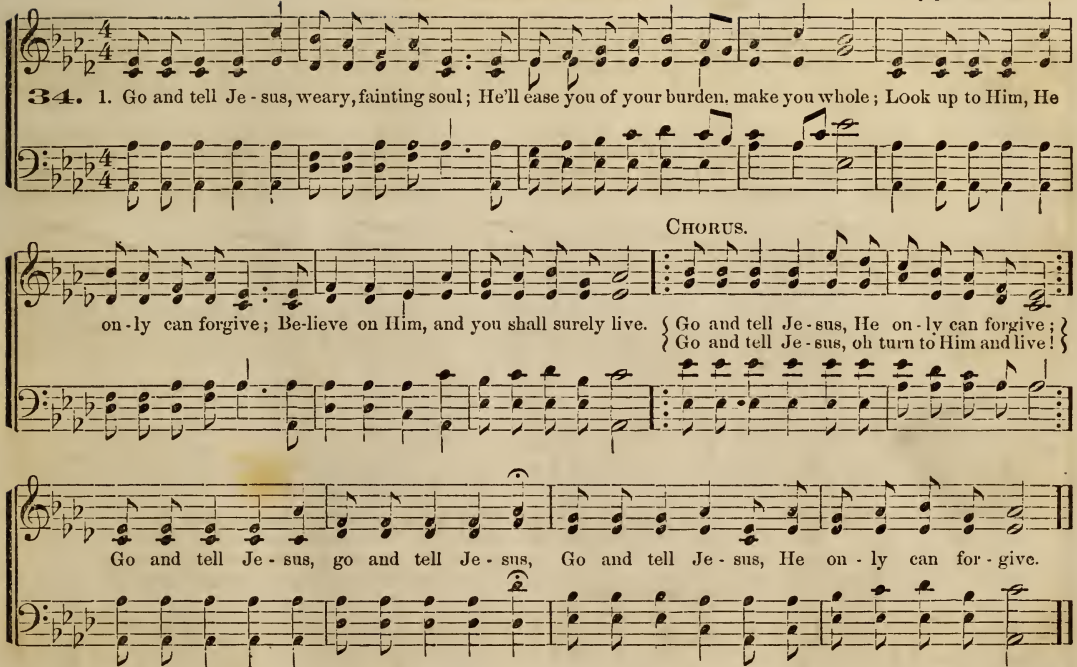
Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

CHORUS.



T. F. SEWARD. By permission.
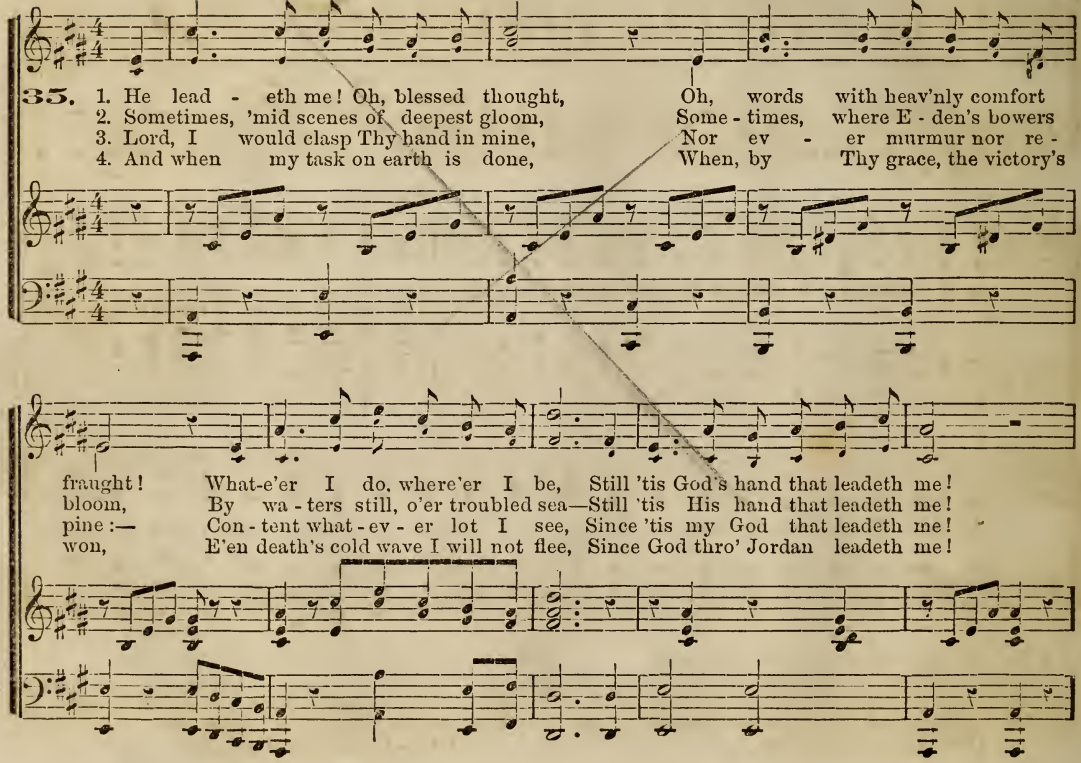


2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes,
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.
Cho.—Go and tell Jesus, &c.

3 Go and tell Jesus, He'll dispel your fears,
Will calm your doubts, and wipe away your tears;
He'll take you to His arms, and on His breast
You may be happy, and for ever rest.
Cho.—Go and tell Jesus, &c.

HE LEADETH ME.

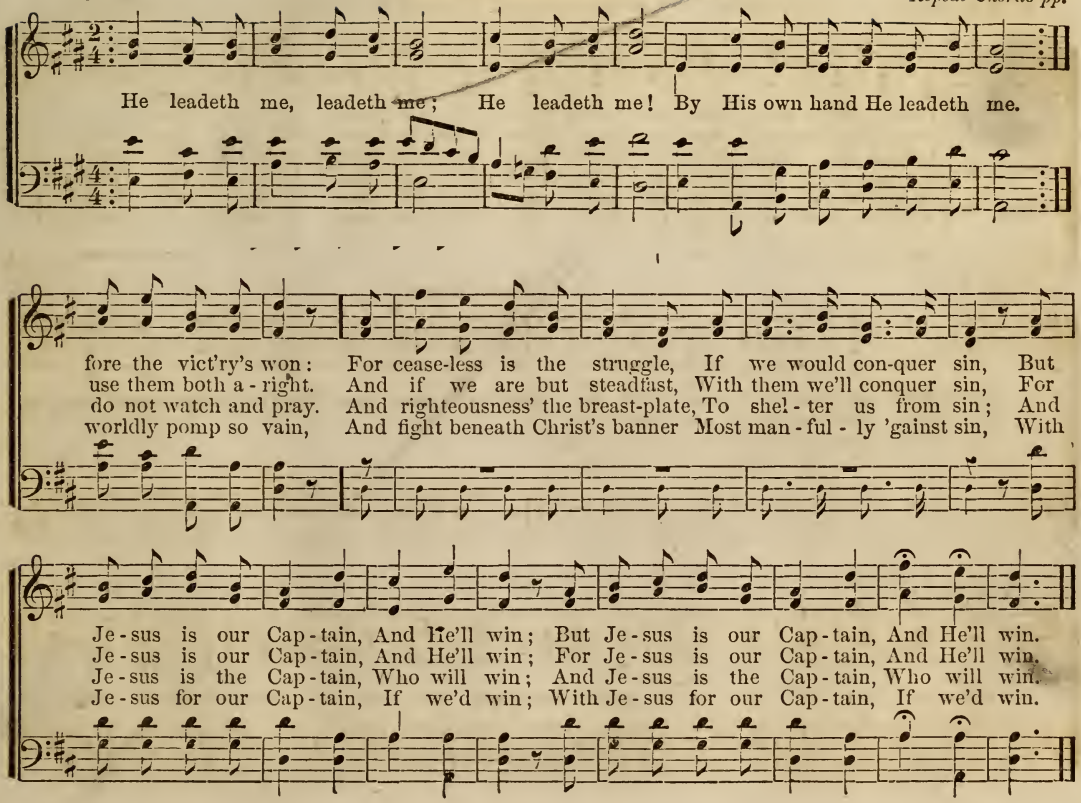
From "Glad Tidings," by permission. Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.



HE LEADETH ME. Concluded.

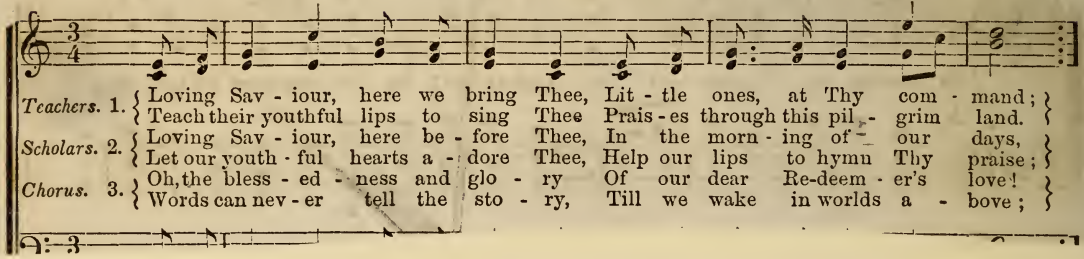
CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp.



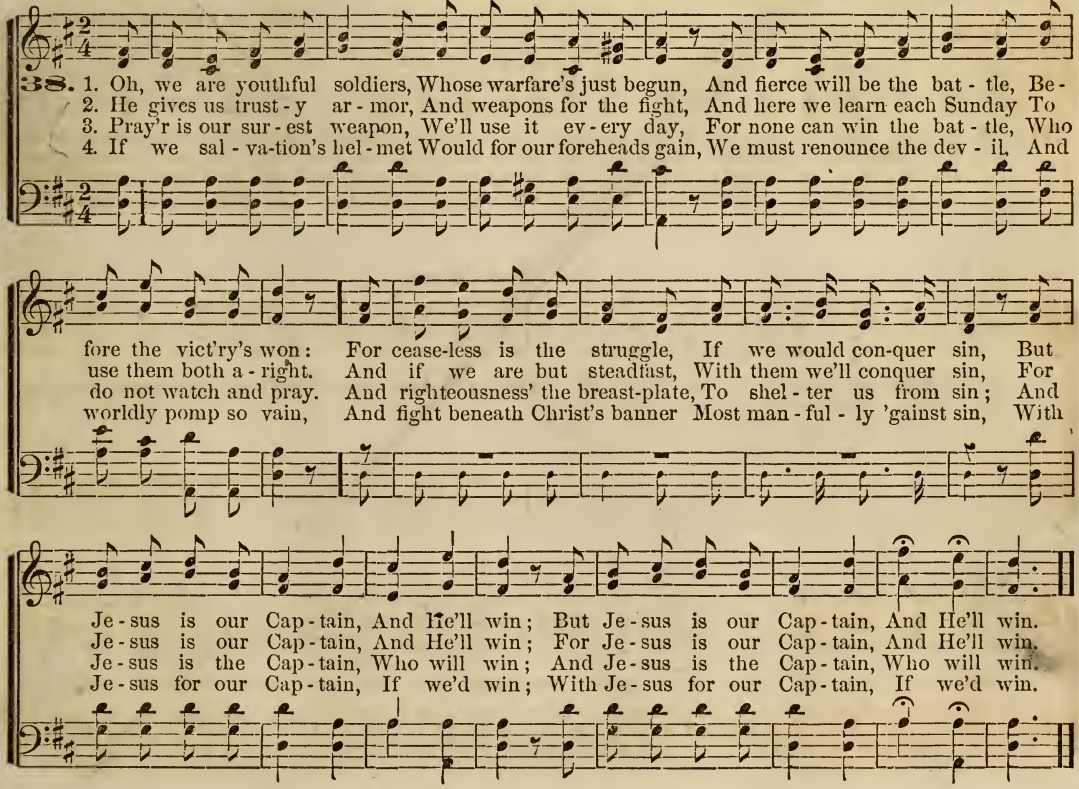
THE CHILDREN'S PLEA.

Words by Miss S. J. C. WHITTLESEY. Melody by LOULIE EVERETT McINTOSH, a little girl only four years of age.



JESUS, OUR CAPTAIN.

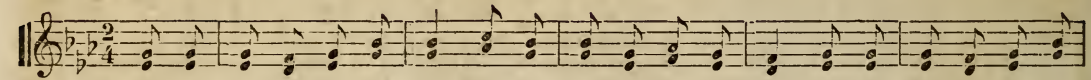
Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. R. M. McINTOSH. From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



OH, DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COMING?

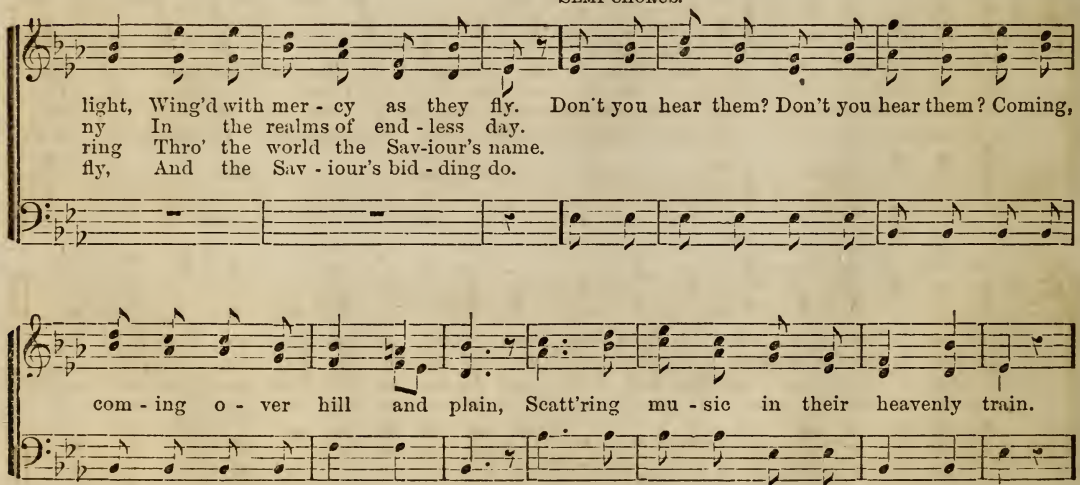
Music by EMILIUS LAROCHE.

DUET.

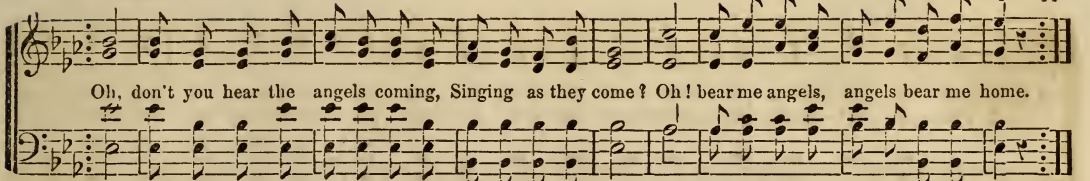


39. 1. Ho - ly an - gels in their flight, Traverse o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kindness their de-
2. Tho' their forms we cannot see, They at - tend and guard our way, Till we join their com-pa-
3. Had we but an an-gel's wing, And an an-gel's heart of flame, Oh, how sweetly would we
4. Yet, me-thinks if I should die, And be - come an an - gel too, I, perhaps, like them might

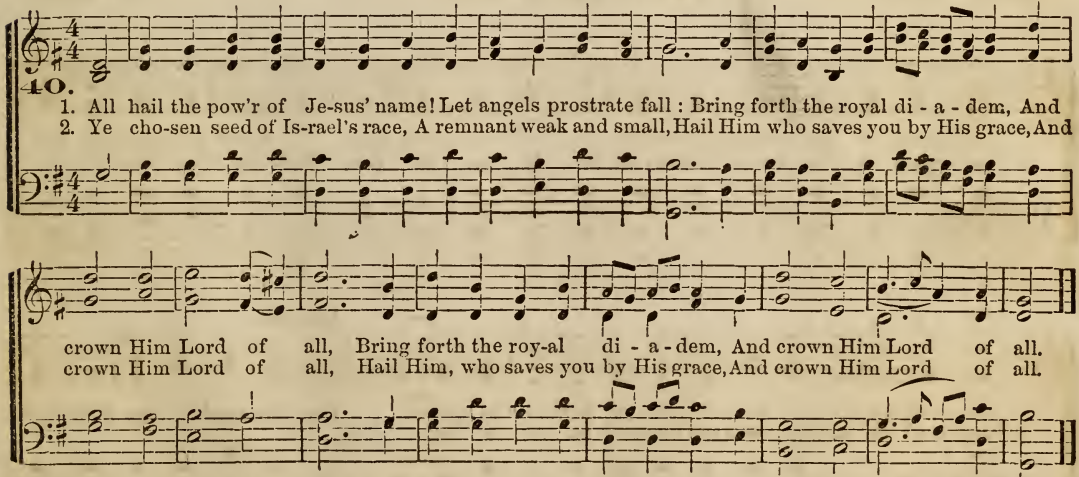
SEMI-CHORUS.



CHORUS. *repeat pp.*



PERRONET. **CORONATION. C. M.** OLIVER HOLDEN.



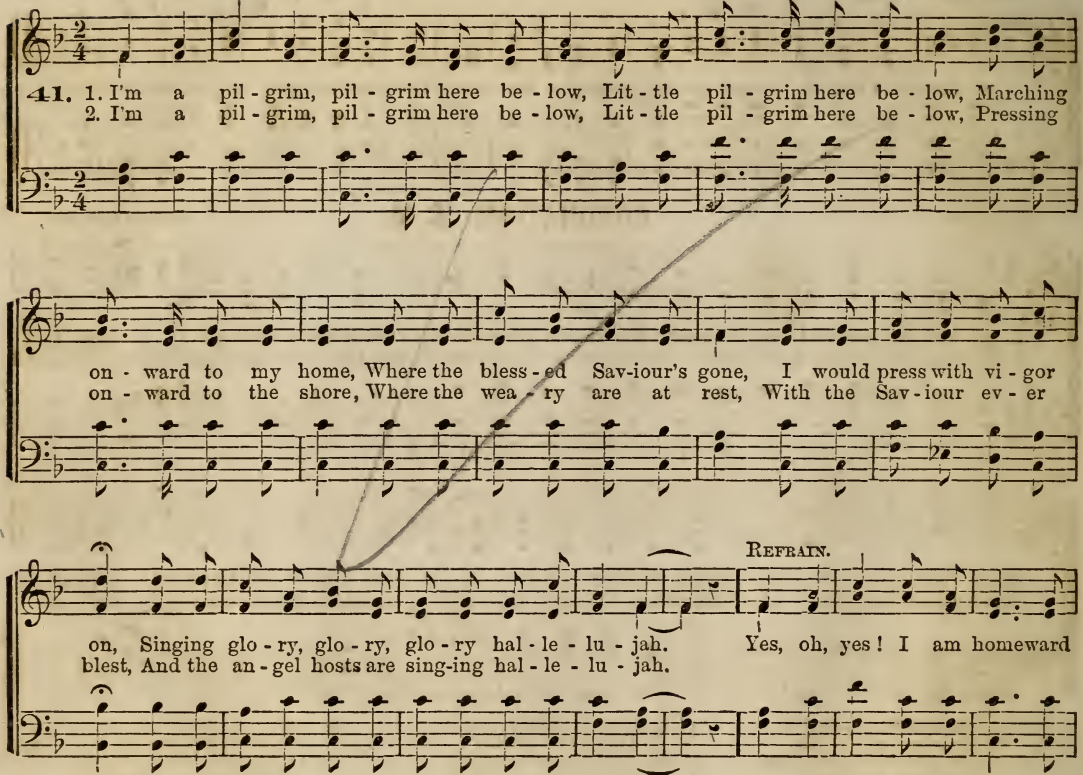
3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

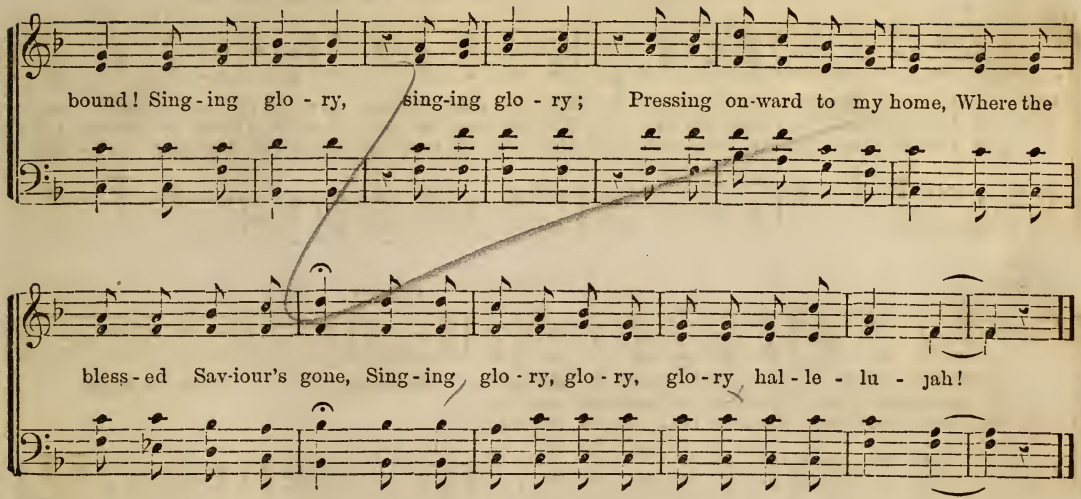
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

LITTLE PILGRIM HERE BELOW.

R. M. McINTOSH.





3.

I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim here below,
Little pilgrim here below,
Trav'ling onward to my home,
Where a mansion bright I see,
And the angels wait for me,
Singing glory, glory, glory hallelujah.
Yes, oh, yes! &c.

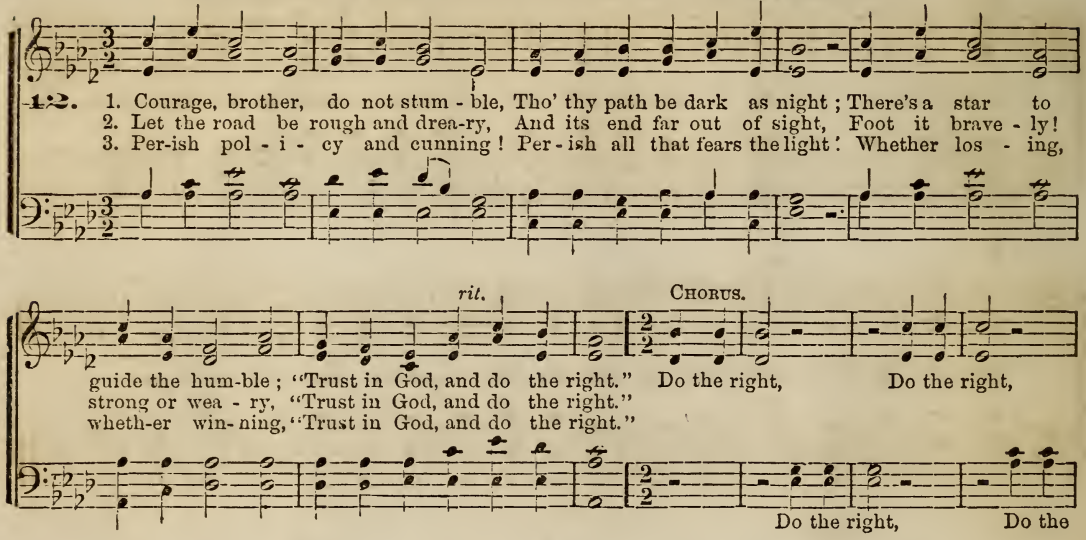
4.

I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim here below,
Little pilgrim here below,
Striving bravely for a crown:
Soon from earth I'll pass away
To the realms of endless day;
Soon I'll join the ransom'd throng in glory singing. Yes, oh, yes! &c.

DO THE RIGHT.

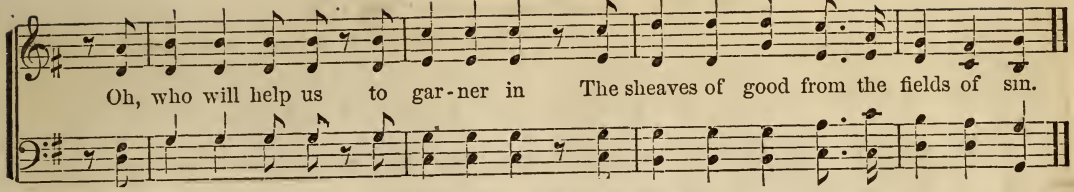
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."



4 Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight :
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right." *Cho.*

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right." *Cho.*

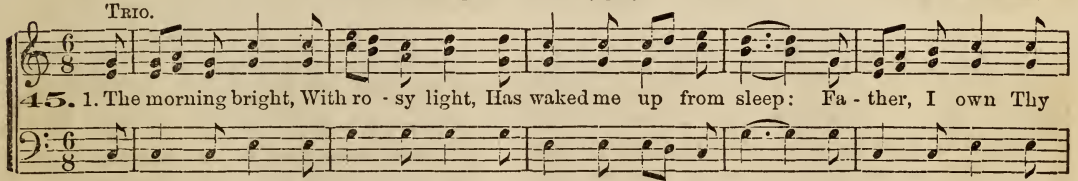


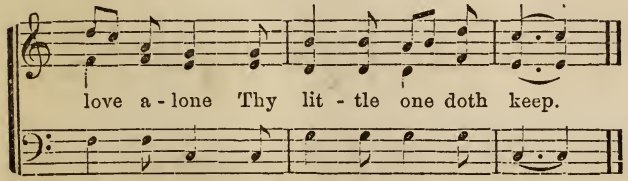
Words by Rev. T. O. SUMMERS. D.D.

MORNING AND EVENING.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee." R. M. McINTOSH.

TRIO.





2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, And let me live,
Blest Jesus near Thy side.

2 Oh, make Thy rest Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

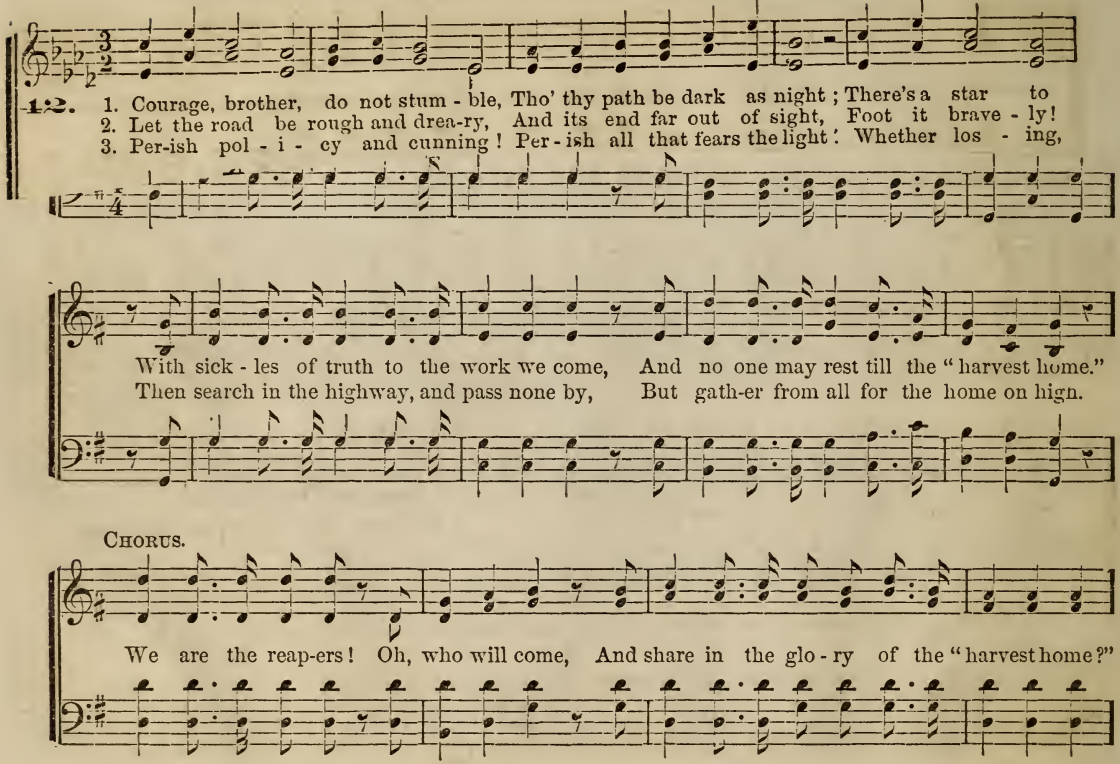
"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." Ps. 4 : 8.

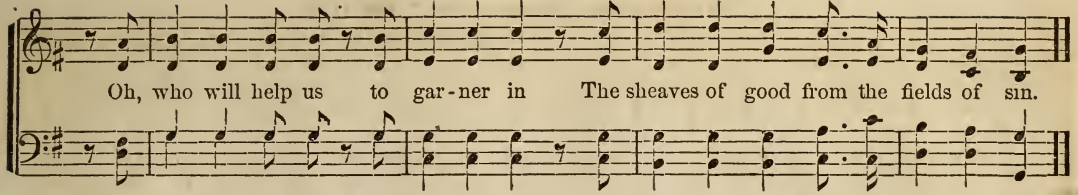
1.	2.	3.
The daylight fades; the evening shades Are gathering round my head: Father above, I praise that love Which smooths and guards my bed.	While thou art near I need not fear The gloom of midnight hour: Blest Jesus, still from every ill Defend me with thy power.	Pardon my sin, and enter in And sanctify my heart: Spirit divine, oh, make me thine, And ne'er from me depart.

DO THE RIGHT.

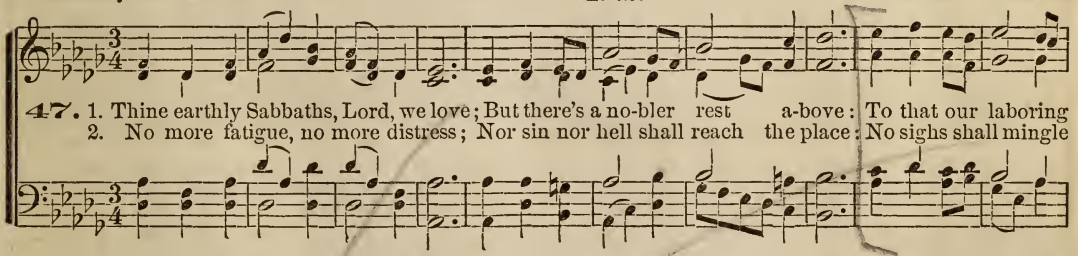
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

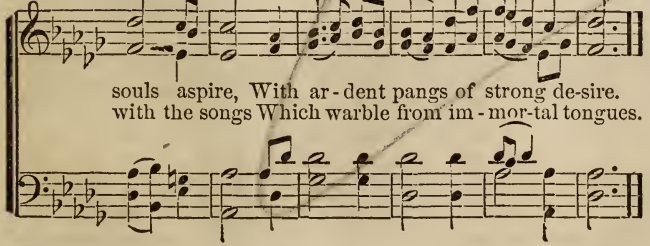
"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."





Words by DODDRIDGE. ANDREW. L. M. R. M. McINTOSH.





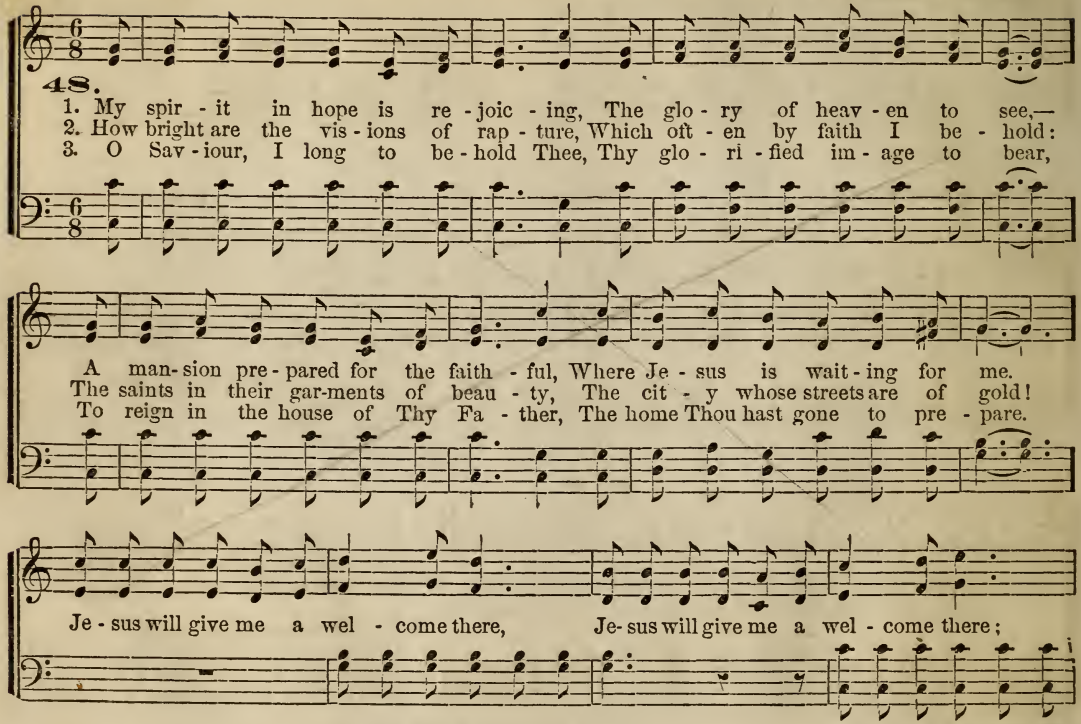
3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

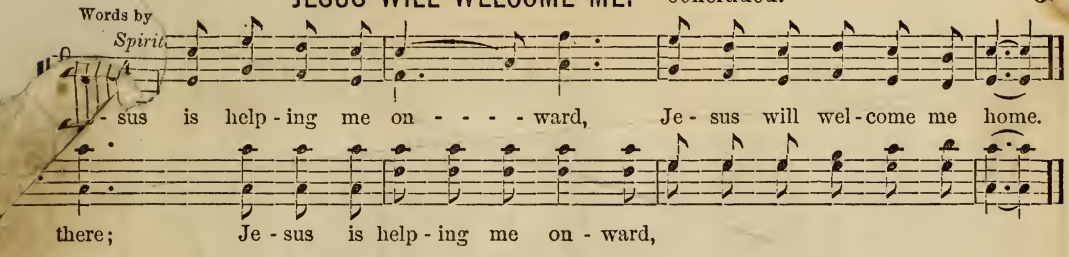
JESUS WILL WELCOME ME.

"We rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Rom. 5: 2.

T. E. PERKINS. From "Songs of Salvation," by per.

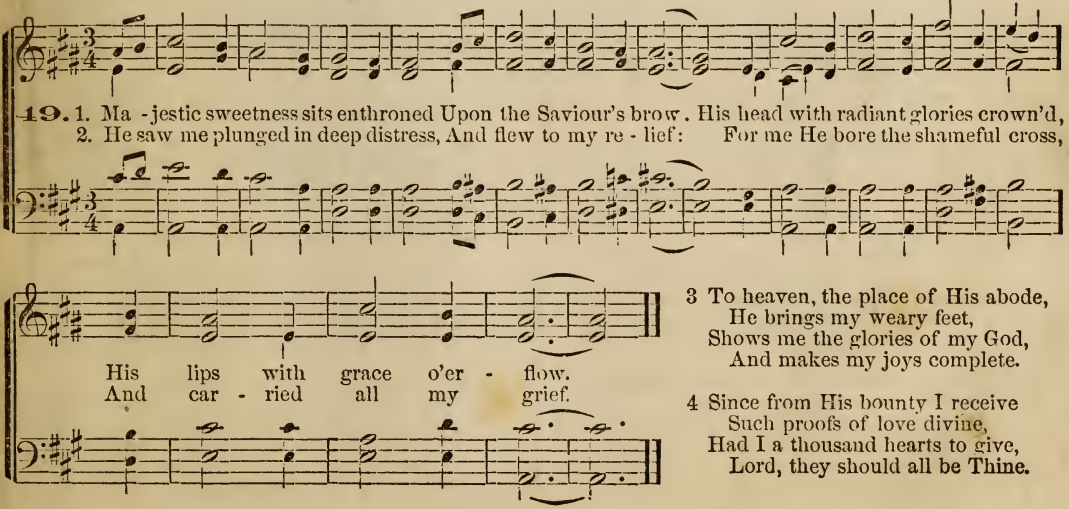


Words by *Spirit*



Legato, not to slow.

MANOAH. C. M.

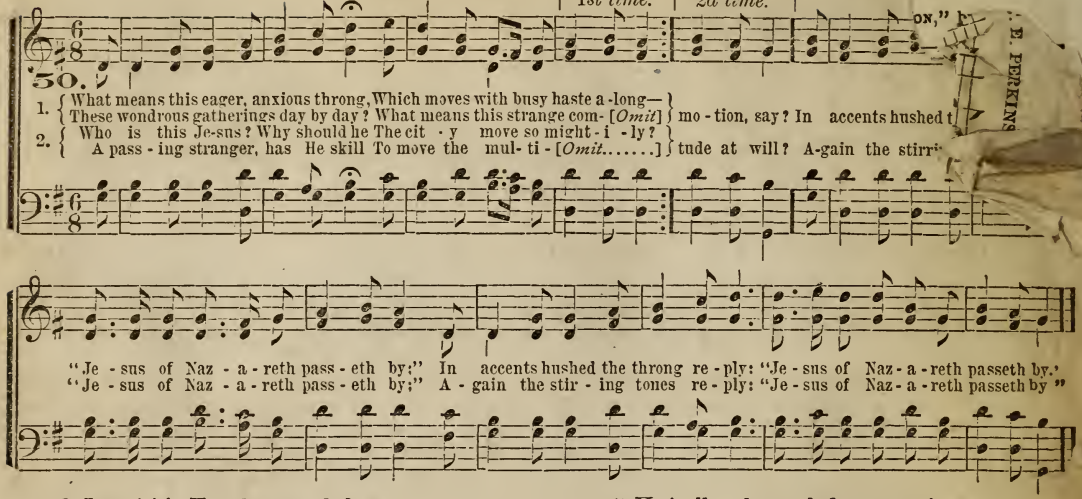


3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth." MARK 10: 47. Music by T



3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

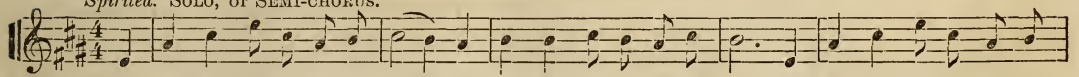
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

O PRAISE THE LORD.

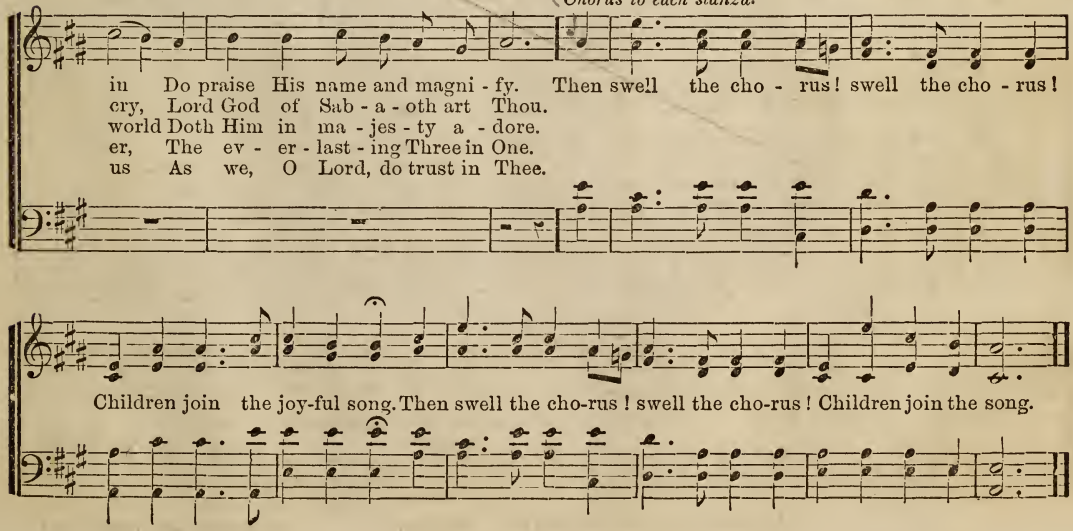
Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. Music by EMILIUS LAROCHE.

Spirited. SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.



51. 1. O praise the Lord, for He is God, All angels unto Him do cry, The heav'ns and all the powr's there-
2. The cher-u-bim and ser - a - phim Be-fore His throne forever bow, And ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
3. The prophets and the martyrs praise. And bless His name forever more, The holy church thro'out the
4. Thou art the King of glory, Christ, The Father's true and on-ly Son; The Ho-ly Ghost the Comfort-
5. In Thee a - lone we put our trust, Then let us not confounded be, And let Thy mercy be on

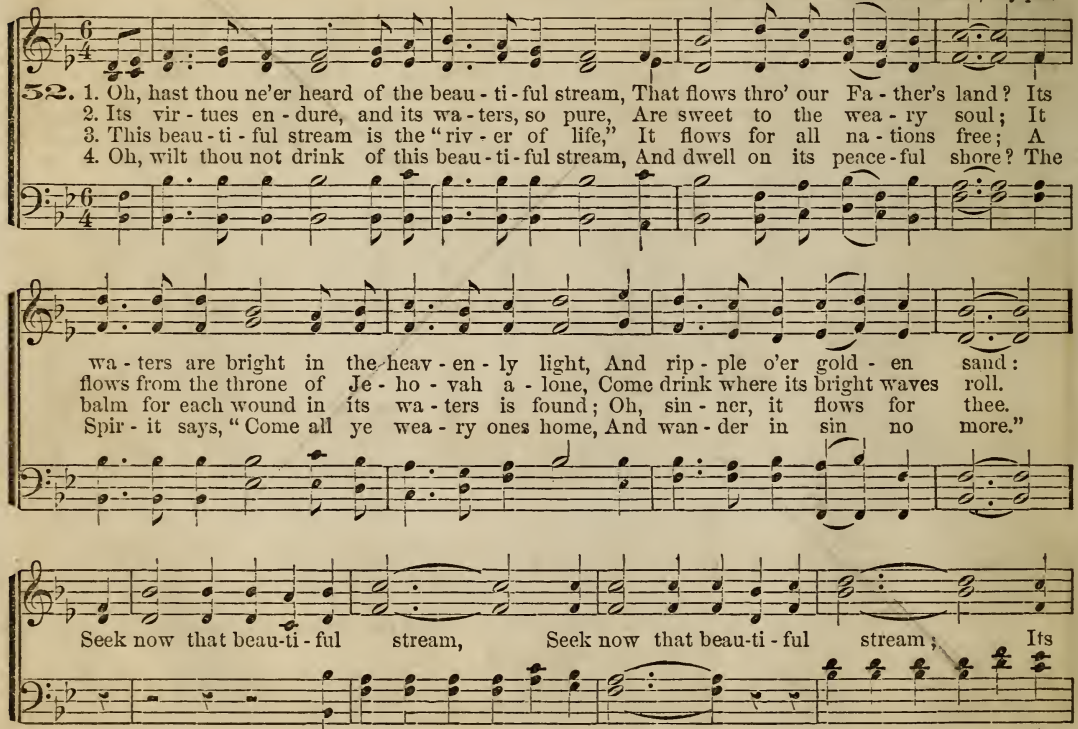
Chorus to each stanza.

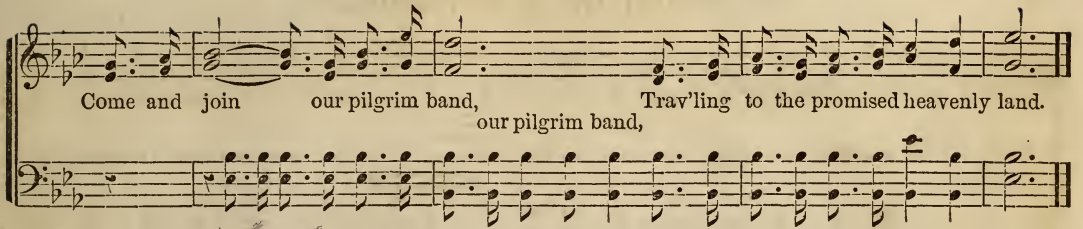


THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "NEW STANDARD SINGER," by per.



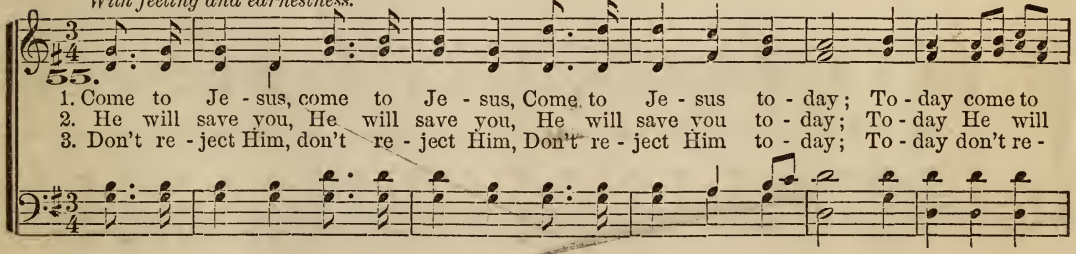


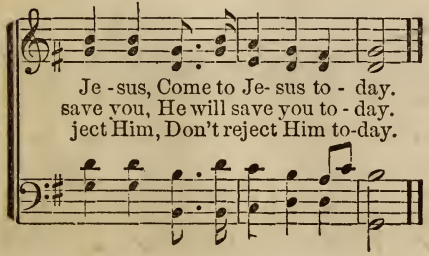
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Behold I now is the day of salvation!"

With feeling and earnestness.

55.





4.
He is ready, He is ready,
He is ready to-day;
To-day He is ready, &c.

5.
Oh believe Him, oh believe Him,
Oh believe Him to-day;
To-day, oh believe Him, &c.

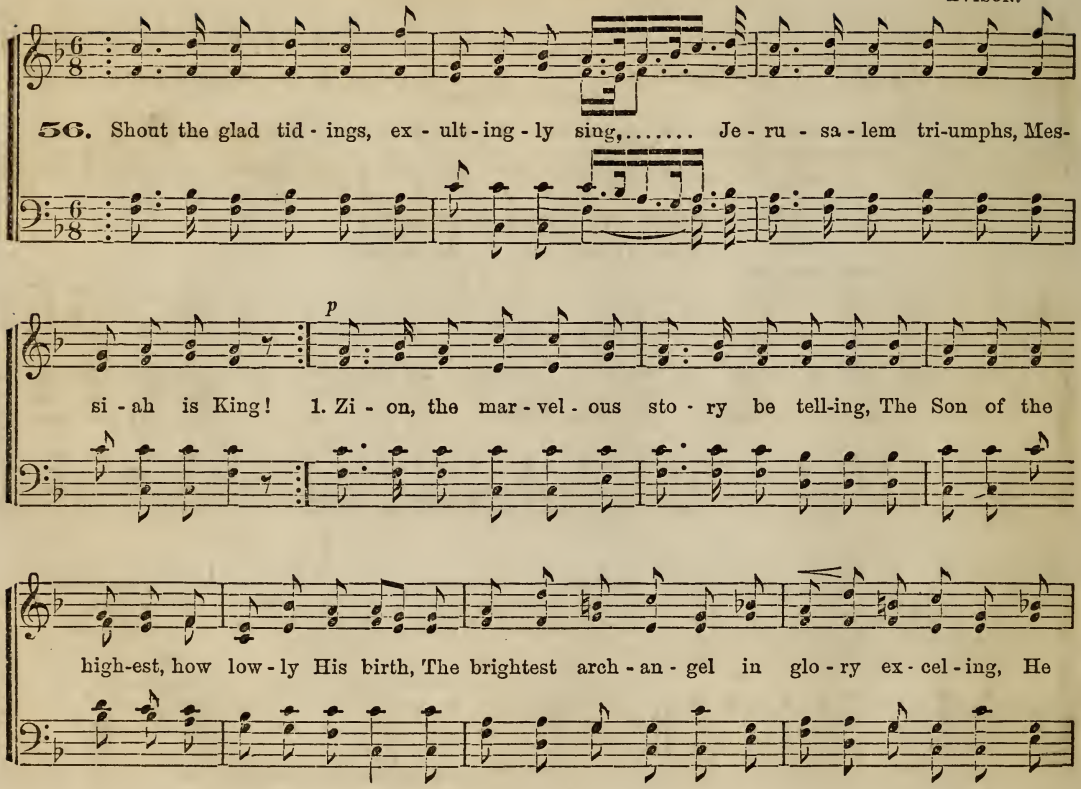
6.
Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry to-day,
To-day do not tarry, &c.

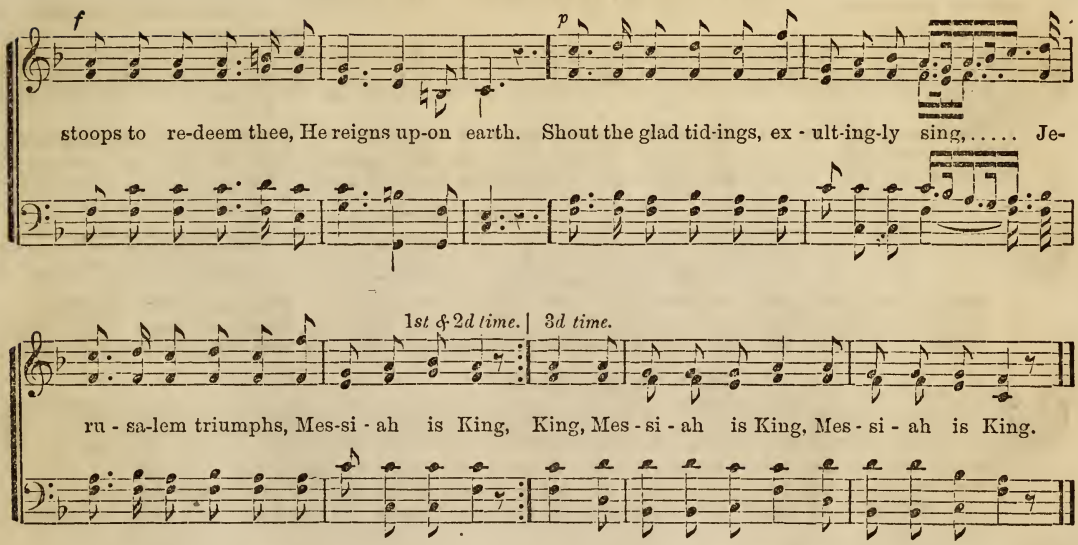
7.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, &c.

The words *just now* can be used for *to-day*.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

AVISON.



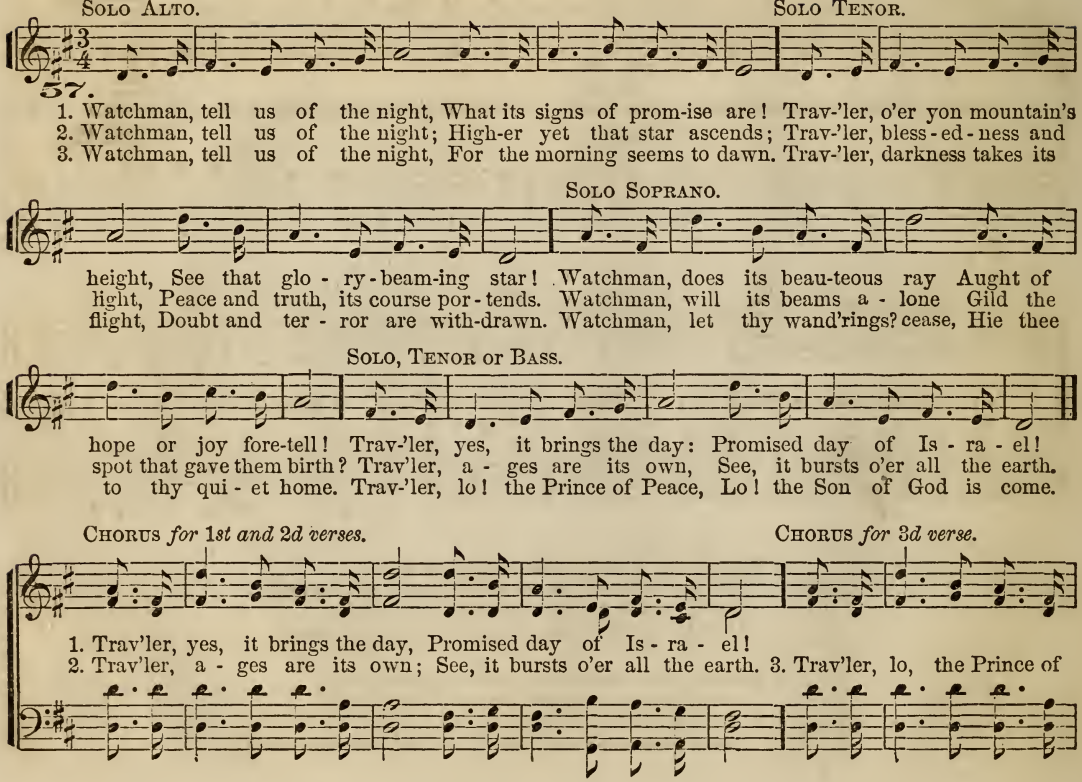


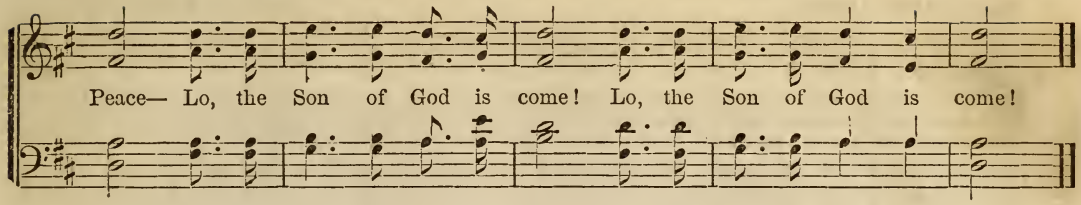
2 Tell how He cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing:
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

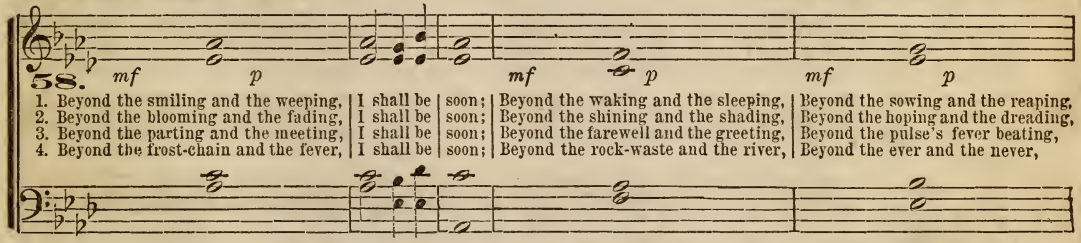
Words by BOWRING. DR. LOWELL MASON.

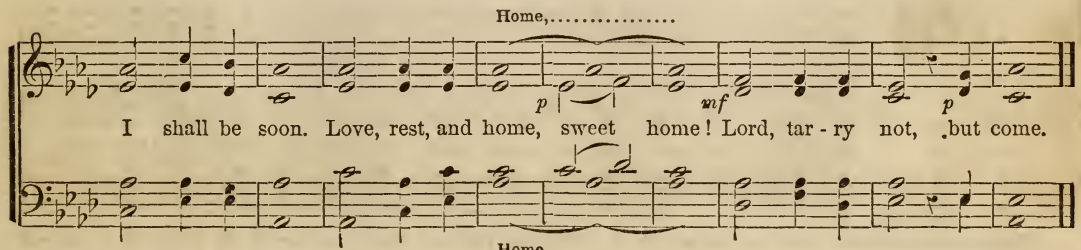




A LITTLE WHILE. CHANT.
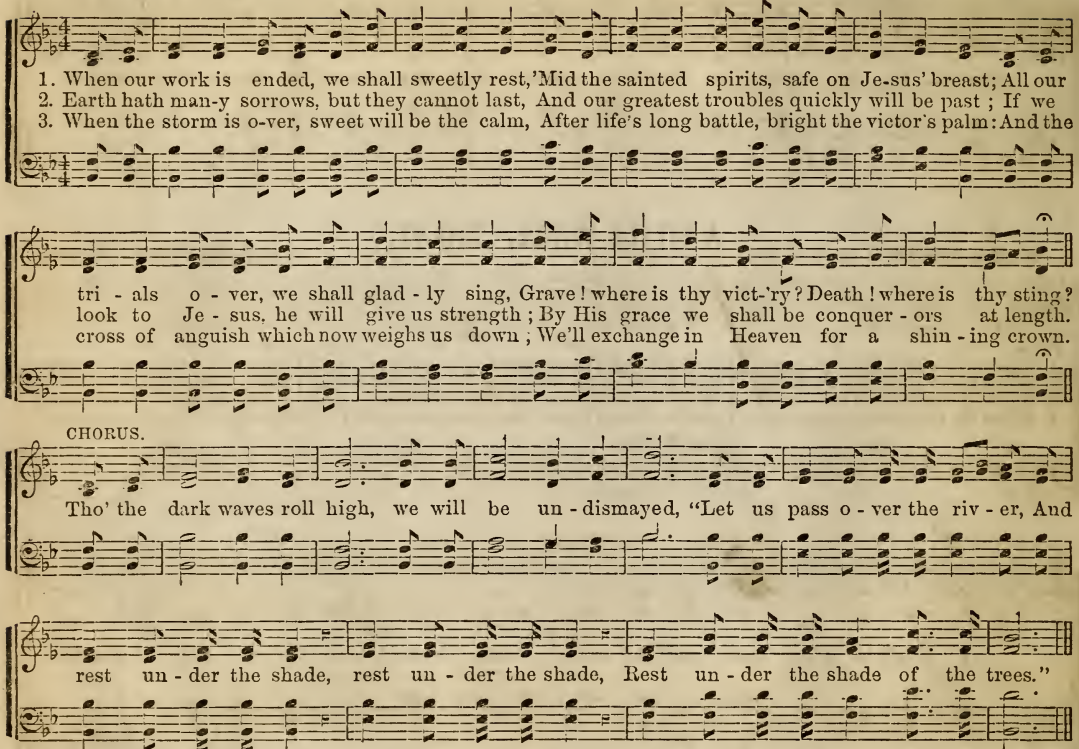
Words by BONAR. W. A. TARBUTTON. By per.





LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.*

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by R. M. McINTOSH.

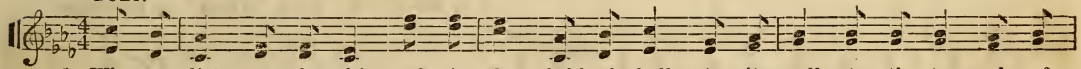


*This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

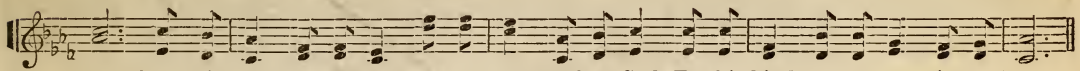
COME WITH SONGS, HAPPY SONGS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET.

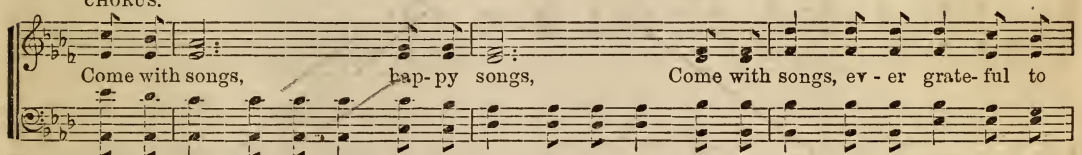


1. When we list to the chime of the clear Sabbath bell, As it calls to the tem - ple of prayer:
2. Come with songs, hap-py songs, may we hal - low the day, That our Saviour, dear Saviour hath blessed;
3. In his arms we have slept, and the toils of the week Have been cheered by his goodness and love:
4. Come with songs, hap-py songs, where his presence we feel, And his spir - it descends like a dove;
5. O the rich - es of Grace which his mer - cy bestows! In the cross let our boast ev - er be!



Come with songs, happy songs, ev- er grate - ful to God, For his kindness, pro-tec- tion and care.
And with songs, happy songs, on our lips may we pass, To the land of e - ter - ni - ty's rest.
Come with songs, happy songs, while we bow at the feet Of our gracious Redeem - er a - bove.
And our souls in the full - ness of rap - ture are lost In the depths of his in - fi - nite love.
Come with songs, happy songs, while his name we a - dore, And re- joice that sal- va - tion is free.

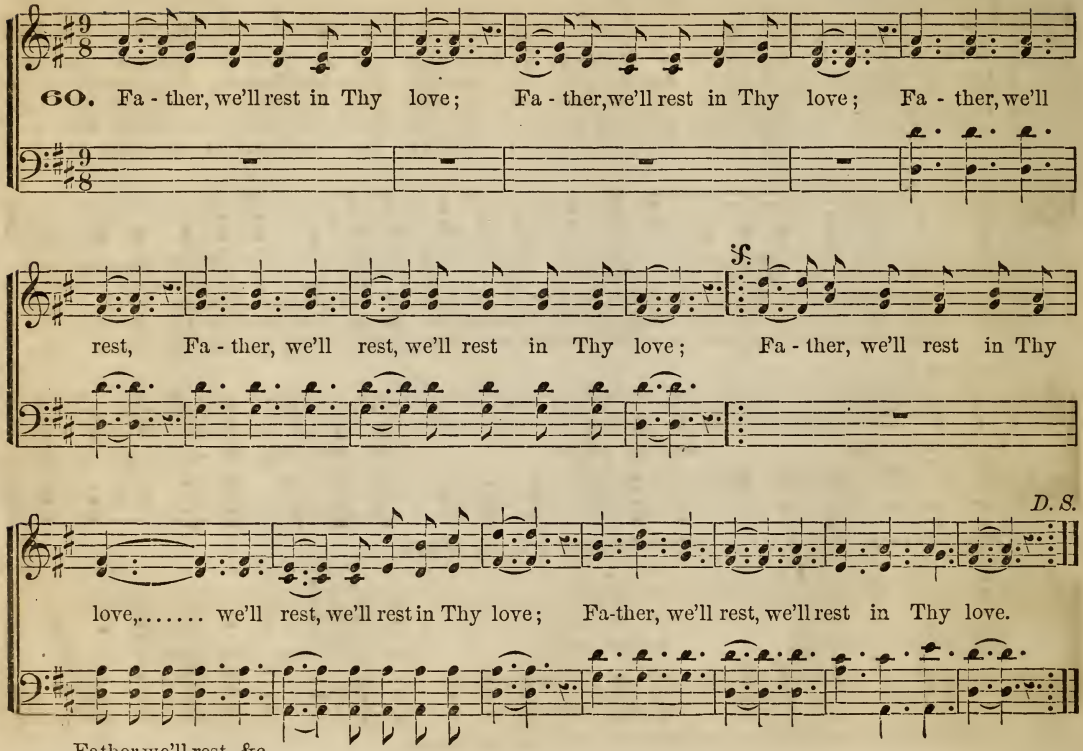
CHORUS.



Come with songs, hap- py songs, Come with songs, ev - er grate- ful to
Come with songs, hap- py songs, Come with songs, hap- py songs,
God; Come with songs, happy songs, Come with songs, ev-er grate- ful to God.
Come with songs, happy songs, Come with songs, happy songs,

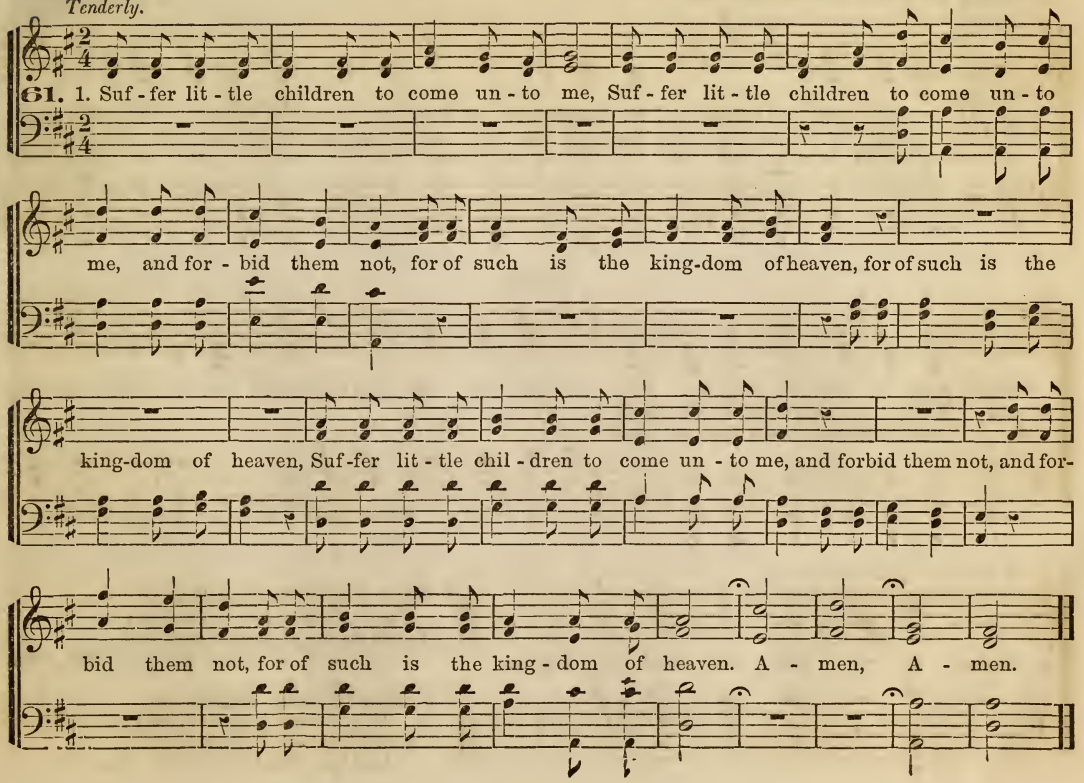
FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE. SENTENCE.

R. M. McINTOSH. From "TABOR," by permission.



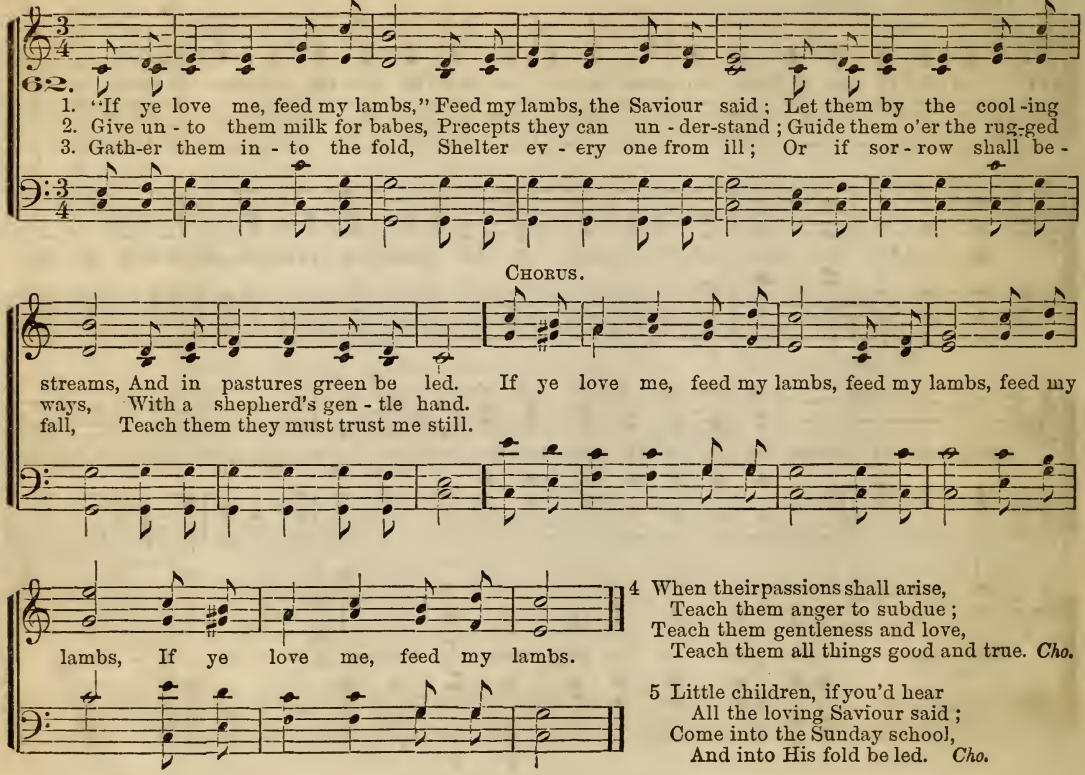
From "TABOR," by permission. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

Tenderly.
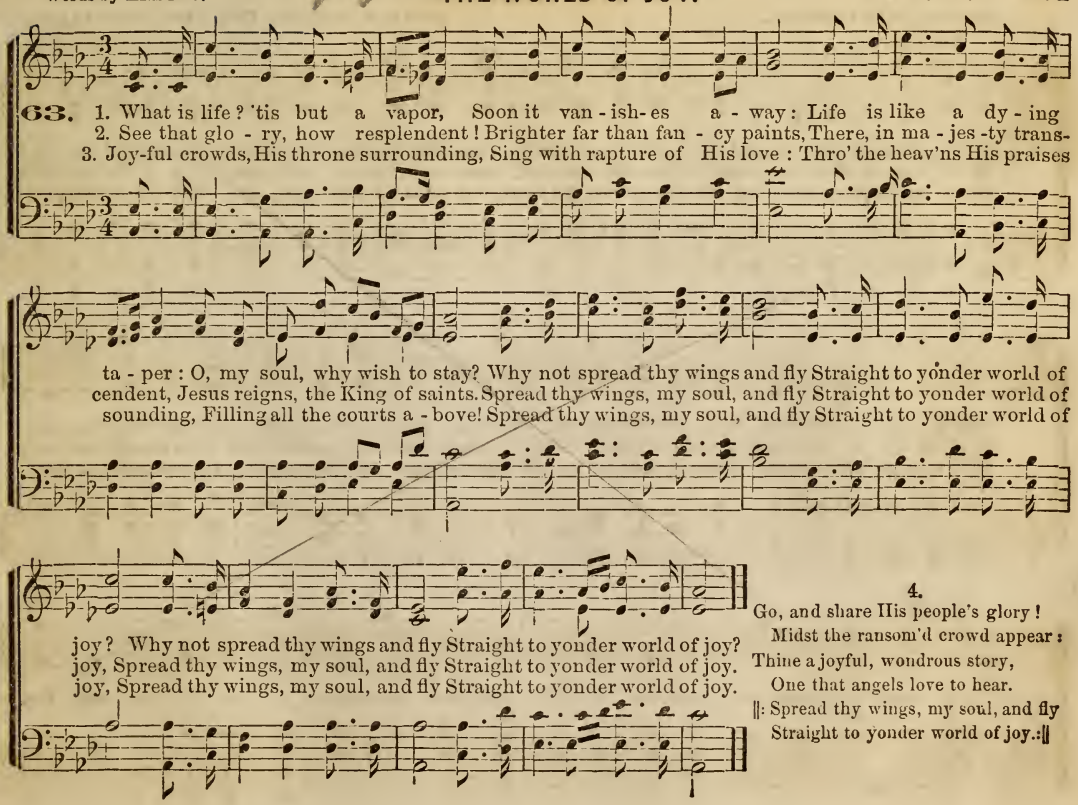


FEED MY LAMBS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. R. M. McINTOSH.



4 When their passions shall arise,
Teach them anger to subdue;
Teach them gentleness and love,
Teach them all things good and true. *Cho.*

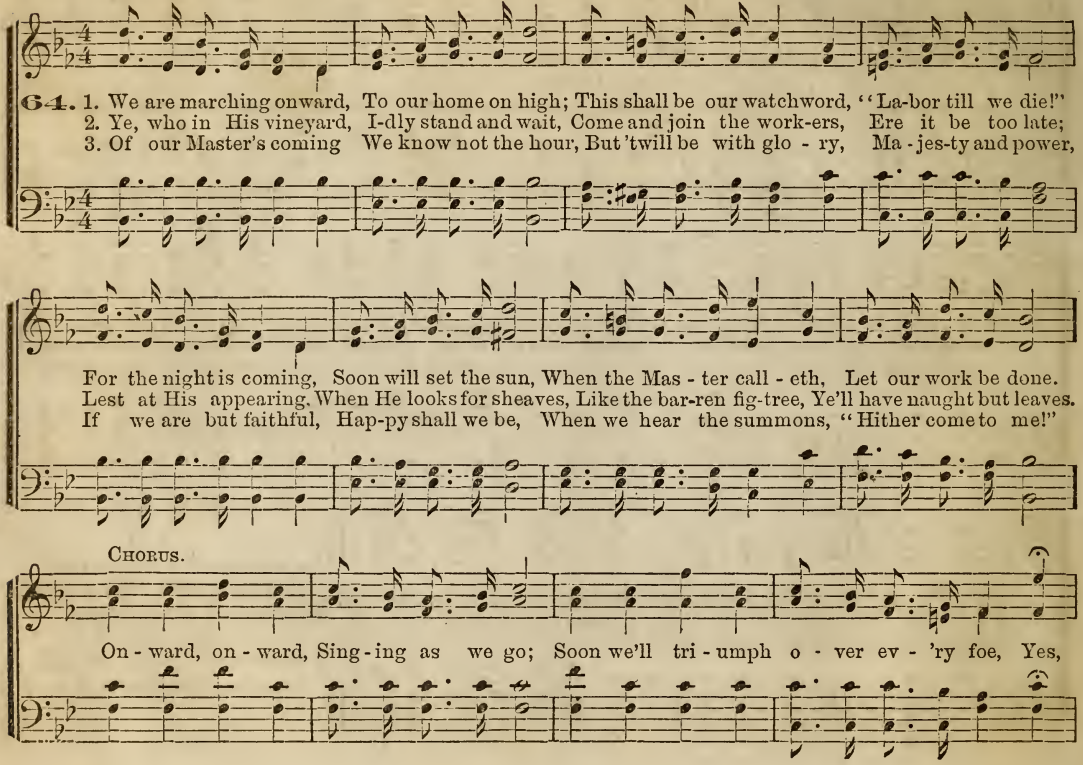
5 Little children, if you'd hear
All the loving Saviour said;
Come into the Sunday school,
And into His fold be led. *Cho.*

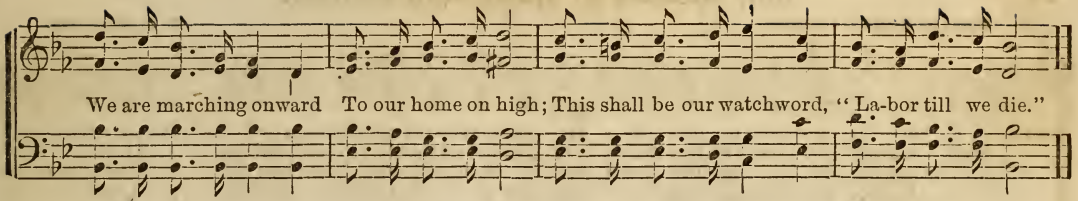

63.
1. What is life? 'tis but a vapor, Soon it van-ish-es a-way: Life is like a dy-ing
2. See that glo-ry, how resplendent! Brighter far than fan-cy paints, There, in ma-jes-ty trans-
3. Joy-ful crowds, His throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of His love: Thro' the heav'ns His praises
ta-per: O, my soul, why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of
cendent, Jesus reigns, the King of saints. Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of
sounding, Filling all the courts a-bove! Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of
joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?
joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.
joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.
4.
Go, and share His people's glory!
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.:‖

THE TRIUMPH.

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per.

Maestoso.

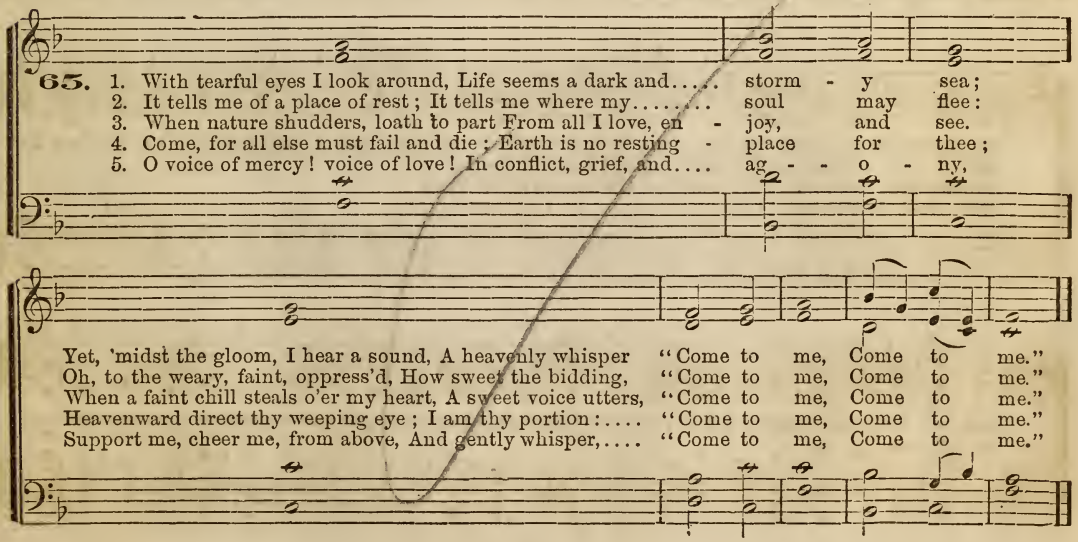




"COME TO ME."—CHANT.

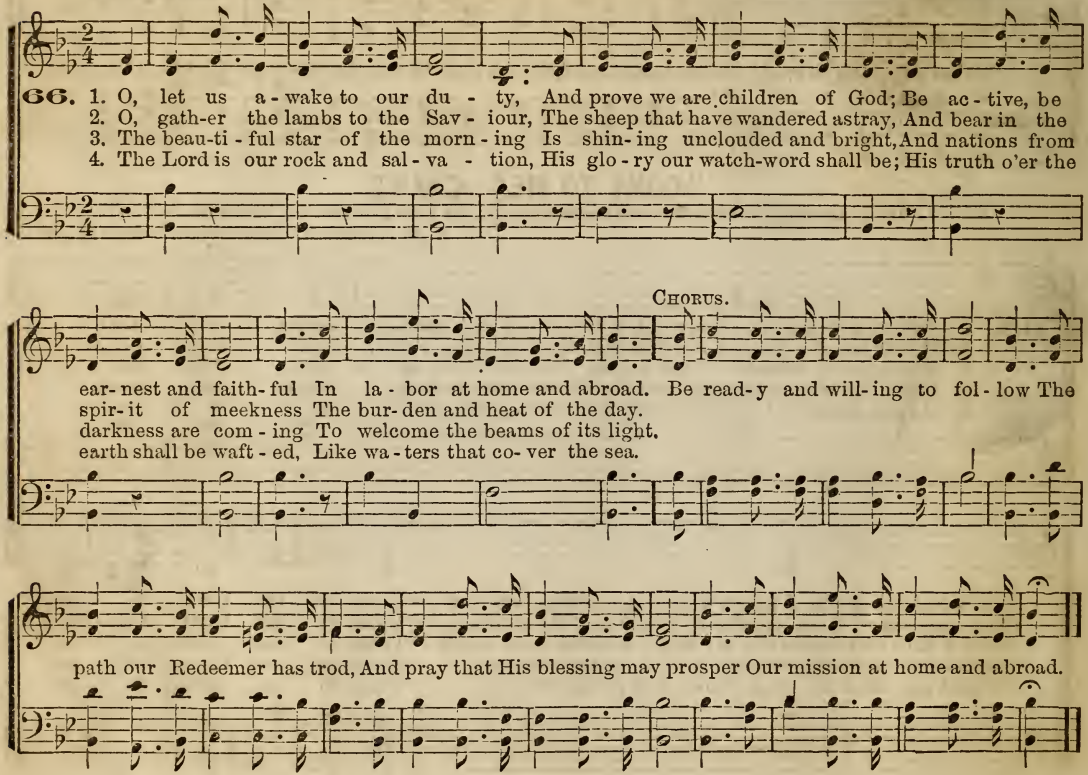
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

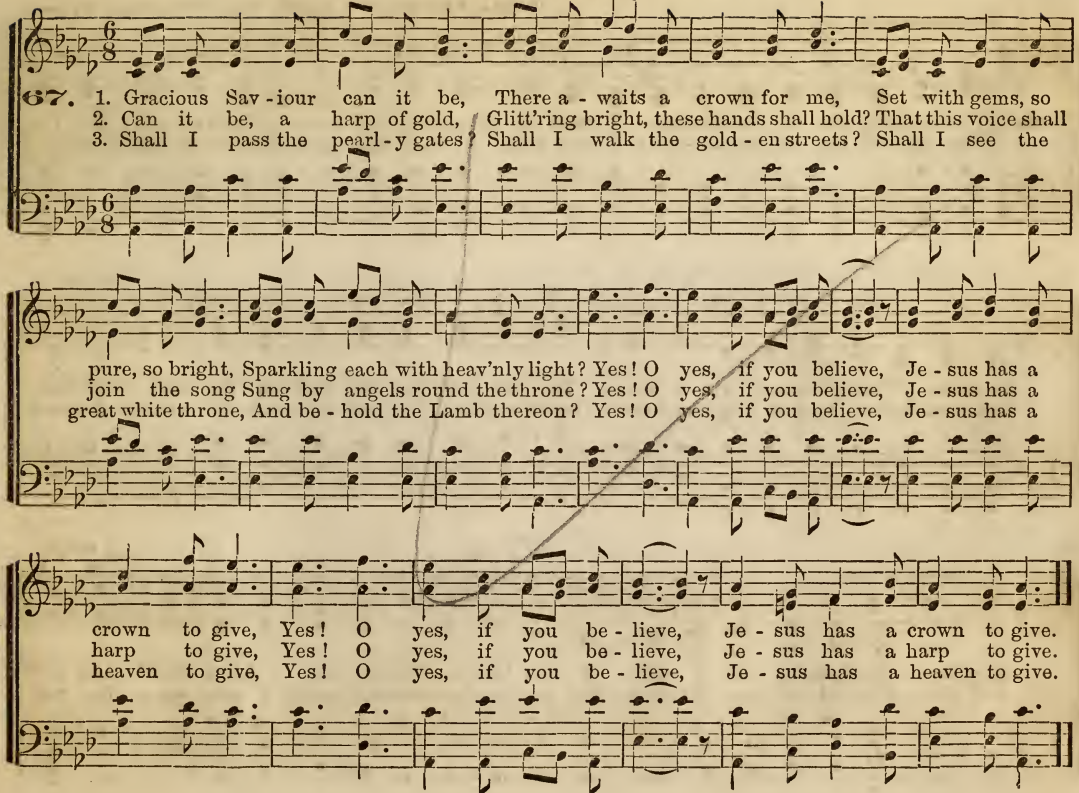
R. M. McINTOSH. From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



OUR MISSION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. O. PERKINS.

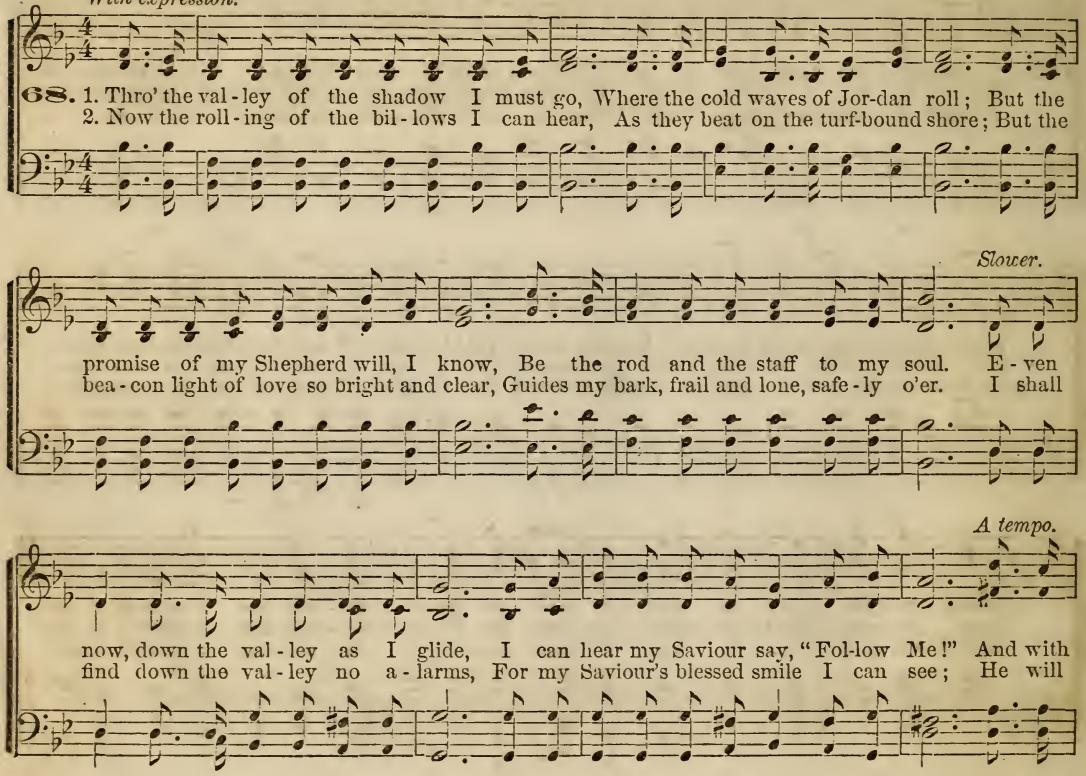


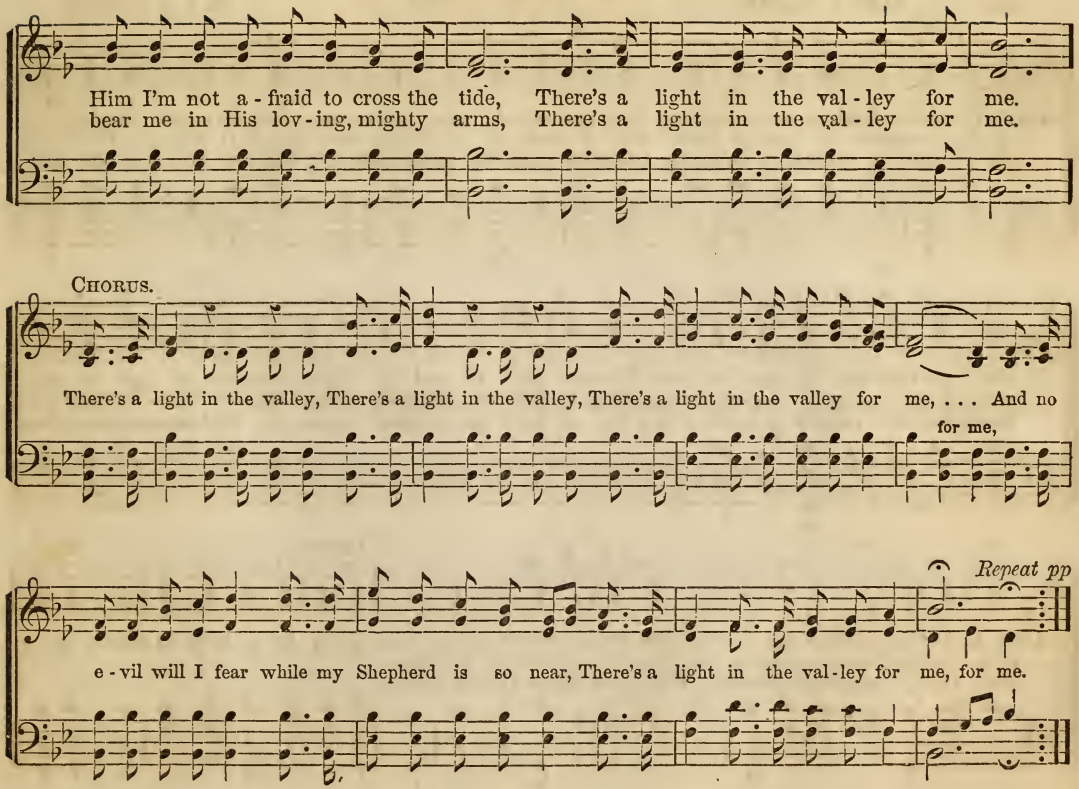

67.
1. Gracious Sav - iour can it be, There a - waits a crown for me, Set with gems, so
2. Can it be, a harp of gold, Glitt'ring bright, these hands shall hold? That this voice shall
3. Shall I pass the pearl - y gates? Shall I walk the gold - en streets? Shall I see the
pure, so bright, Sparkling each with heav'nly light? Yes! O yes, if you believe, Je - sus has a
join the song Sung by angels round the throne? Yes! O yes, if you believe, Je - sus has a
great white throne, And be - hold the Lamb thereon? Yes! O yes, if you believe, Je - sus has a
crown to give, Yes! O yes, if you be - lieve, Je - sus has a crown to give.
harp to give, Yes! O yes, if you be - lieve, Je - sus has a harp to give.
heaven to give, Yes! O yes, if you be - lieve, Je - sus has a heaven to give.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per.

With expression.

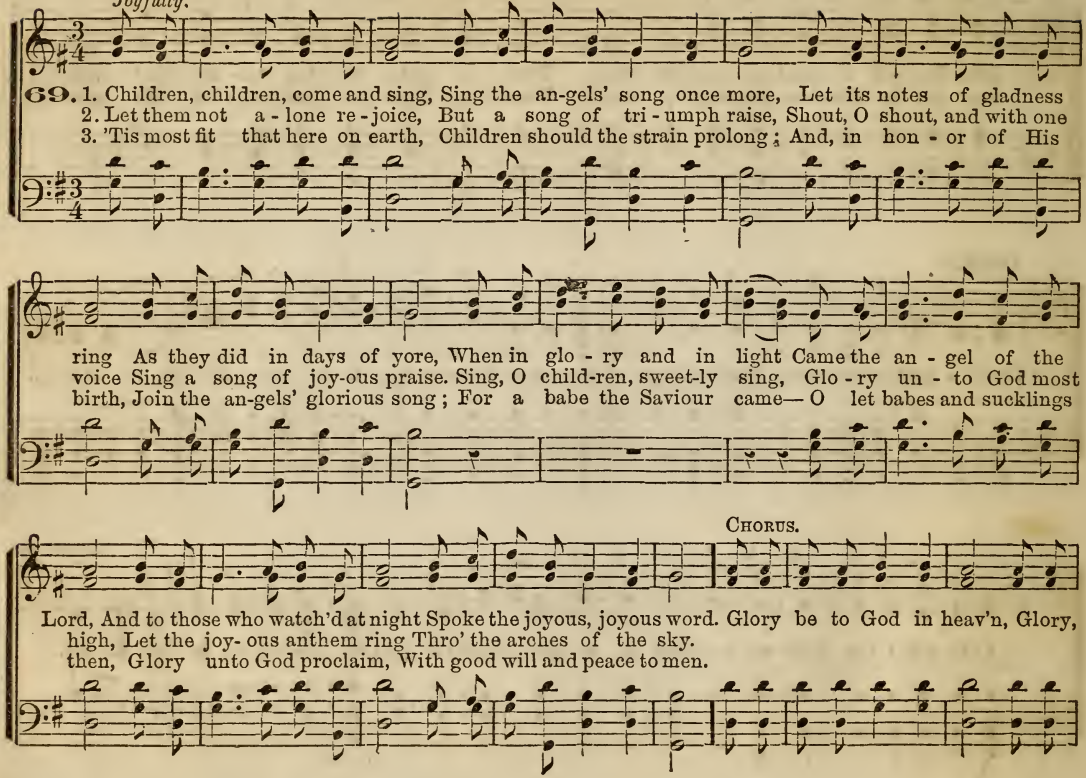


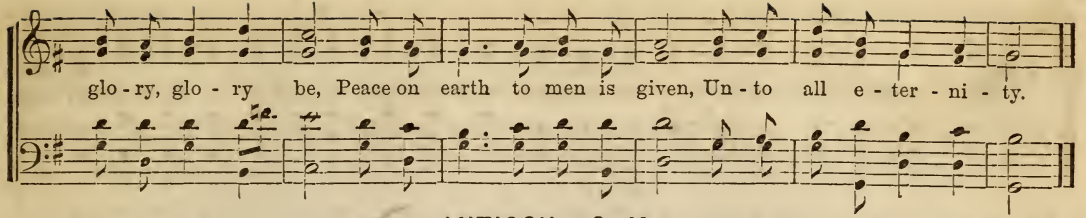

Him I'm not a-fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val-ley for me.
bear me in His lov-ing, mighty arms, There's a light in the val-ley for me.
Chorus.
There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me, . . . And no
for me,
Repeat pp
e-vil will I fear while my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me, for me.

COME AND SING.

Words by Mrs. MARY B. CLARKE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

Joyfully.

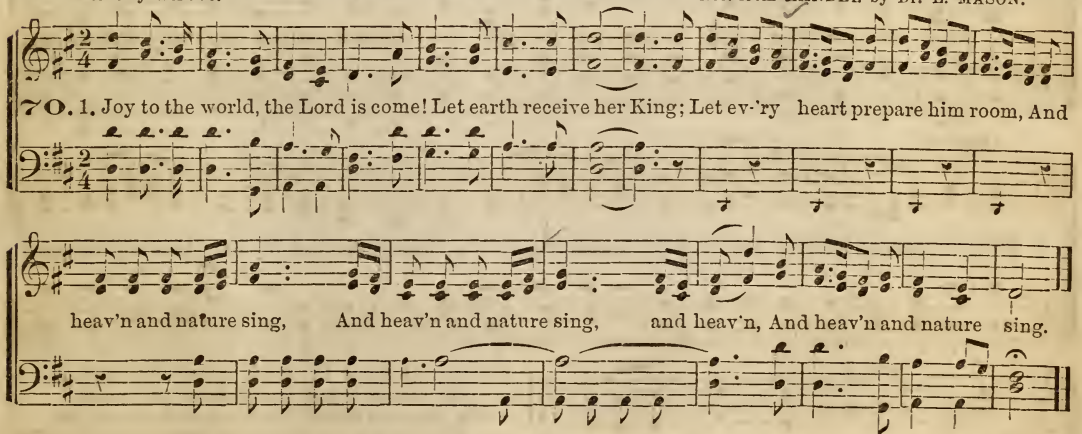




ANTIOCH. C. M.

Words by WATTS.

Arr. from HANDEL by Dr. L. MASON.



2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

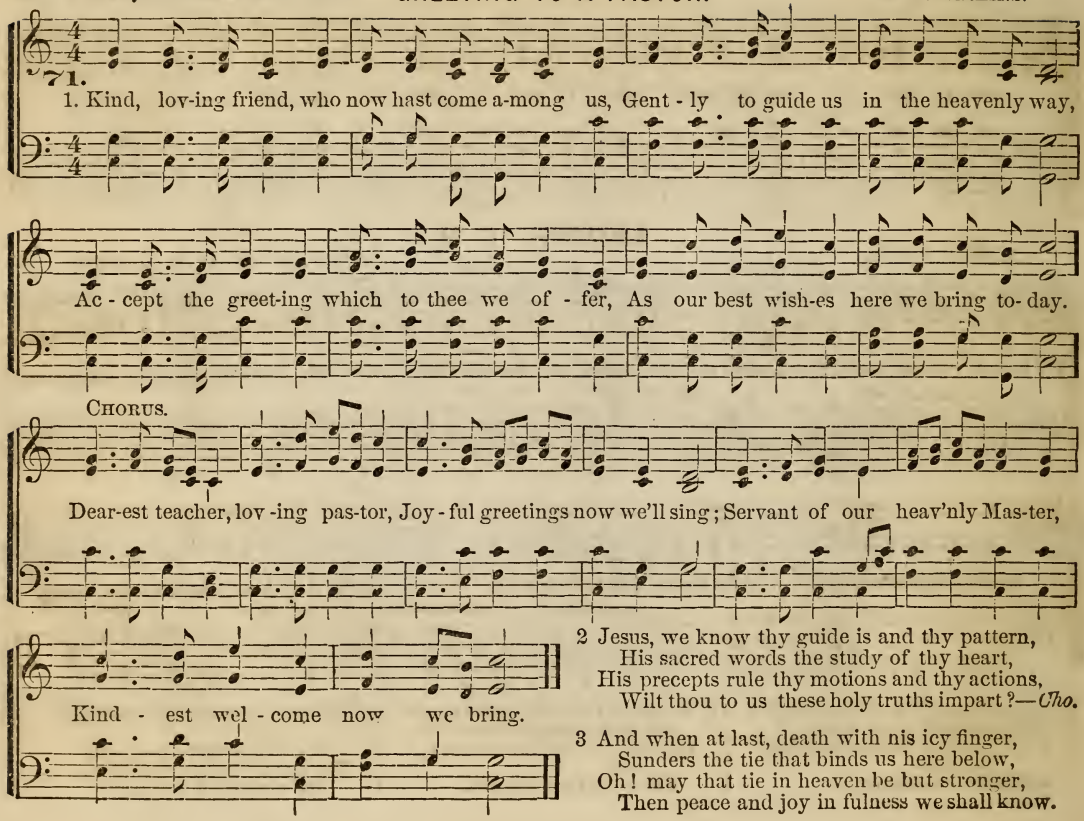
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Words by ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

GREETING TO A PASTOR.

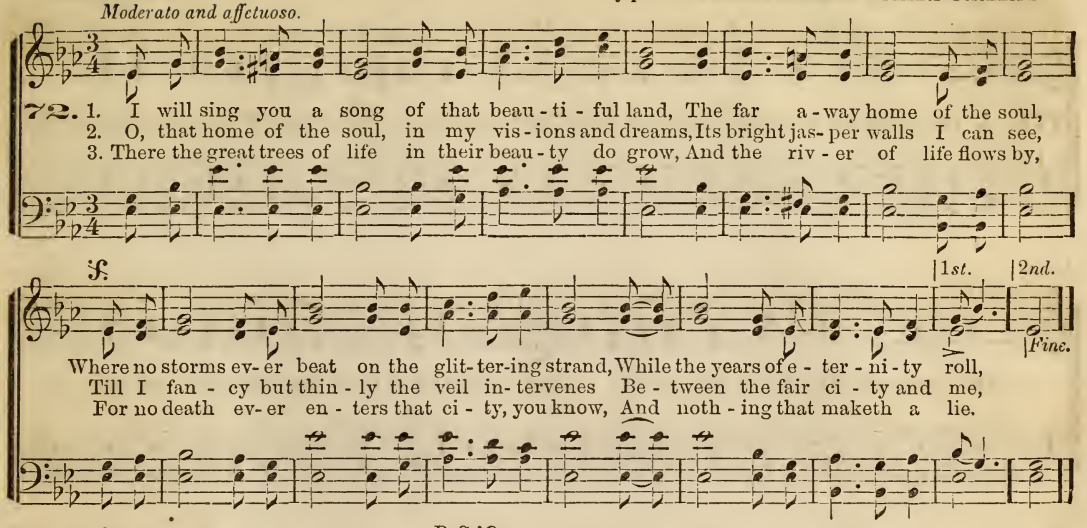
W. O. PERKINS.



2 Jesus, we know thy guide is and thy pattern,
His sacred words the study of thy heart,
His precepts rule thy motions and thy actions,
Wilt thou to us these holy truths impart?—*Cho.*

3 And when at last, death with his icy finger,
Sunders the tie that binds us here below,
Oh! may that tie in heaven be but stronger,
Then peace and joy in fulness we shall know.

By per. from "SINGING PILGRIM." PHILIP PHILLIPS

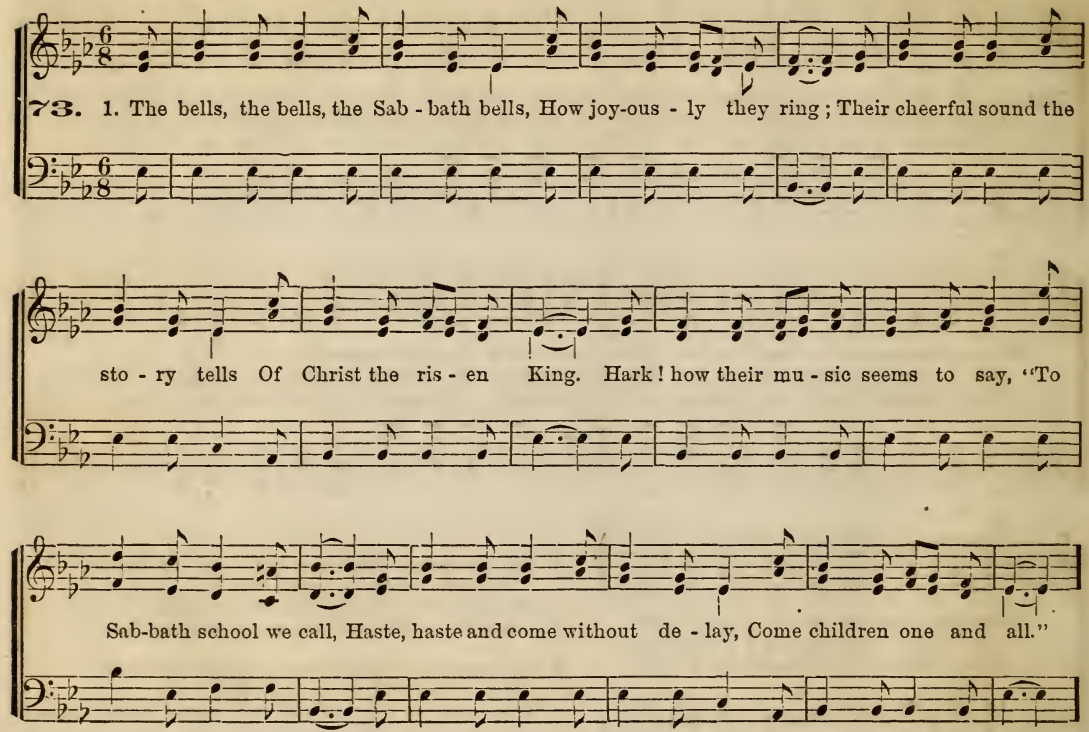


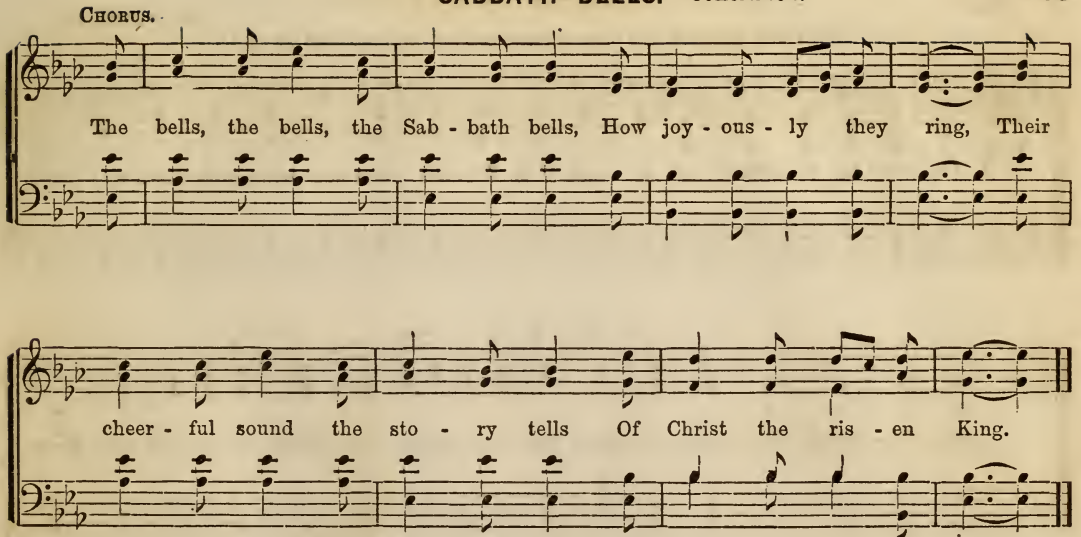
4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

SABBATH BELLS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.





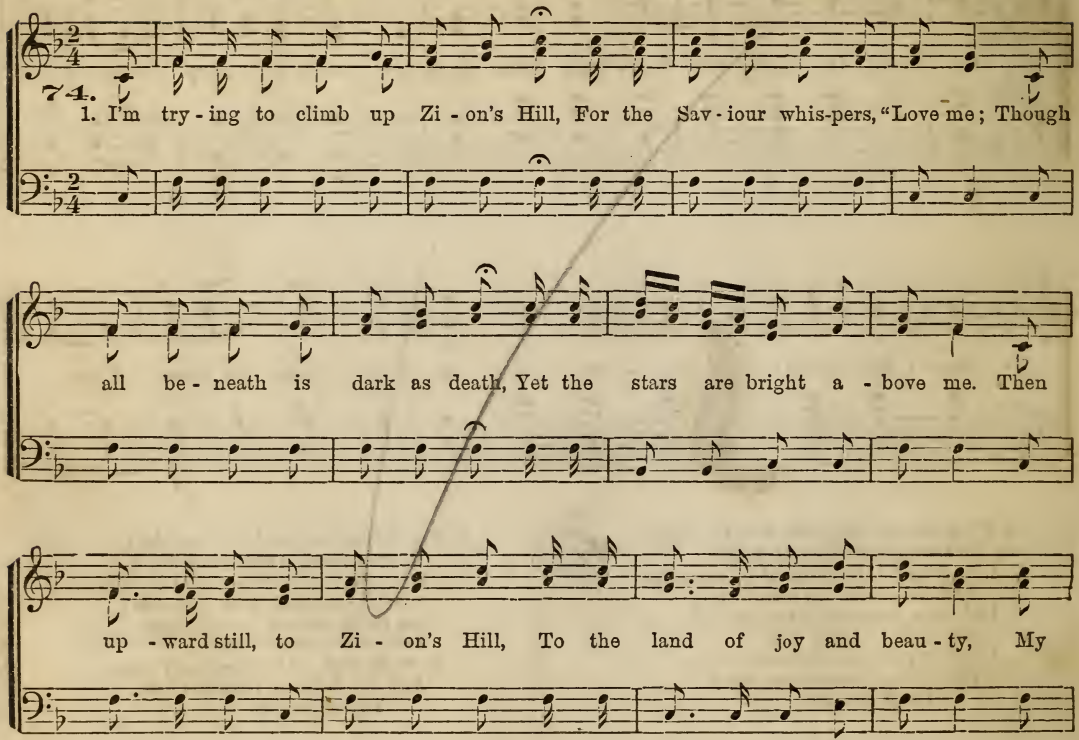
2 They call us where we will be taught
His wondrous love to know,
Like lambs into His fold be brought,
And led where we should go ;
Led by a shepherd's tender care
Along the rugged way,
Until in pastures green and fair
By cooling streams we stray.
The bells, &c.

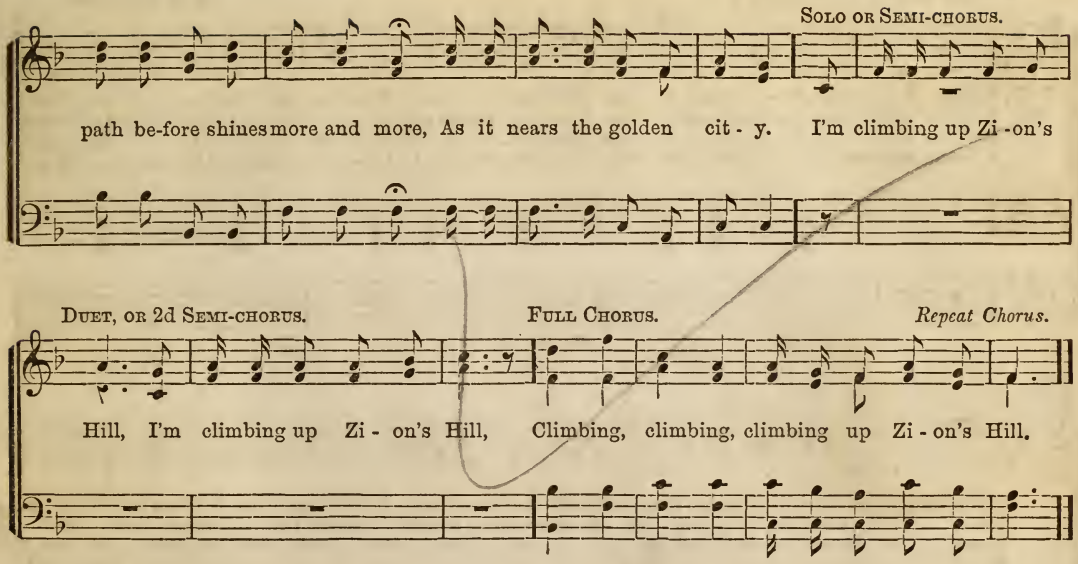
3 The Sabbath-school is Jesus' fold,
There gathered safe from harm,
His lambs in His right hand He'll hold,
And shield them with His arm ;
Then in its shelter we will stay
And gather others there,
To walk with us the heavenly way,
And reach those pastures fair.
The bells, &c.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

"They shall mount up with wings as eagles, and they shall walk and not faint."



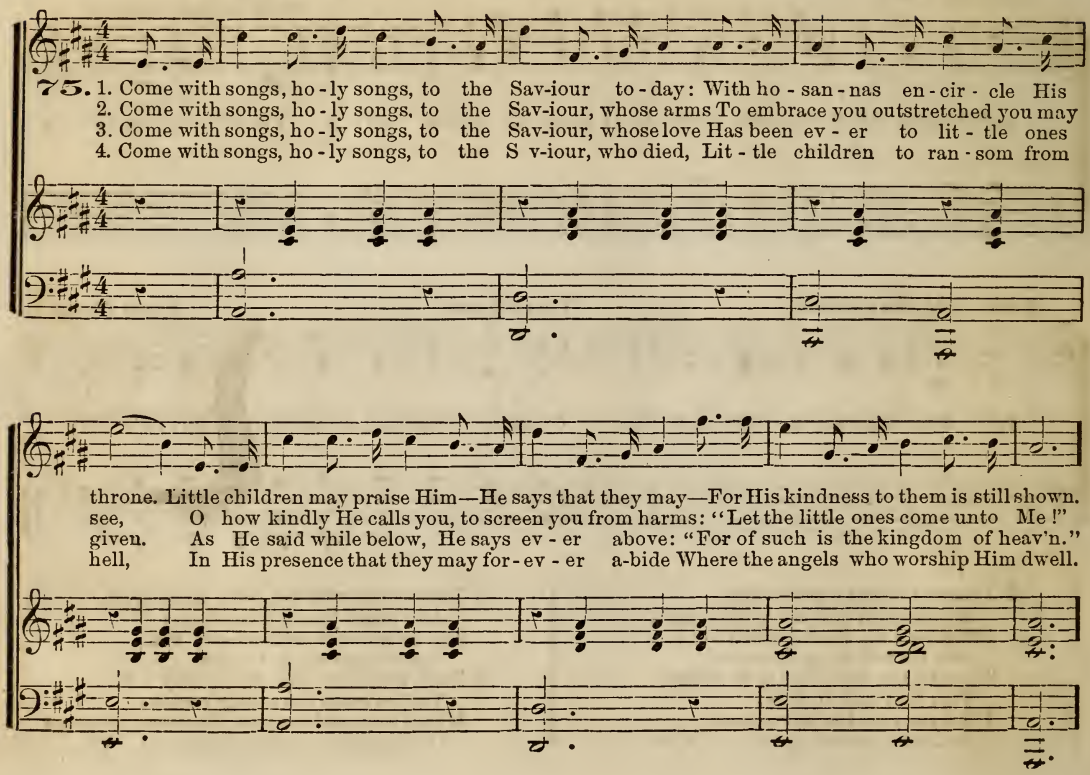


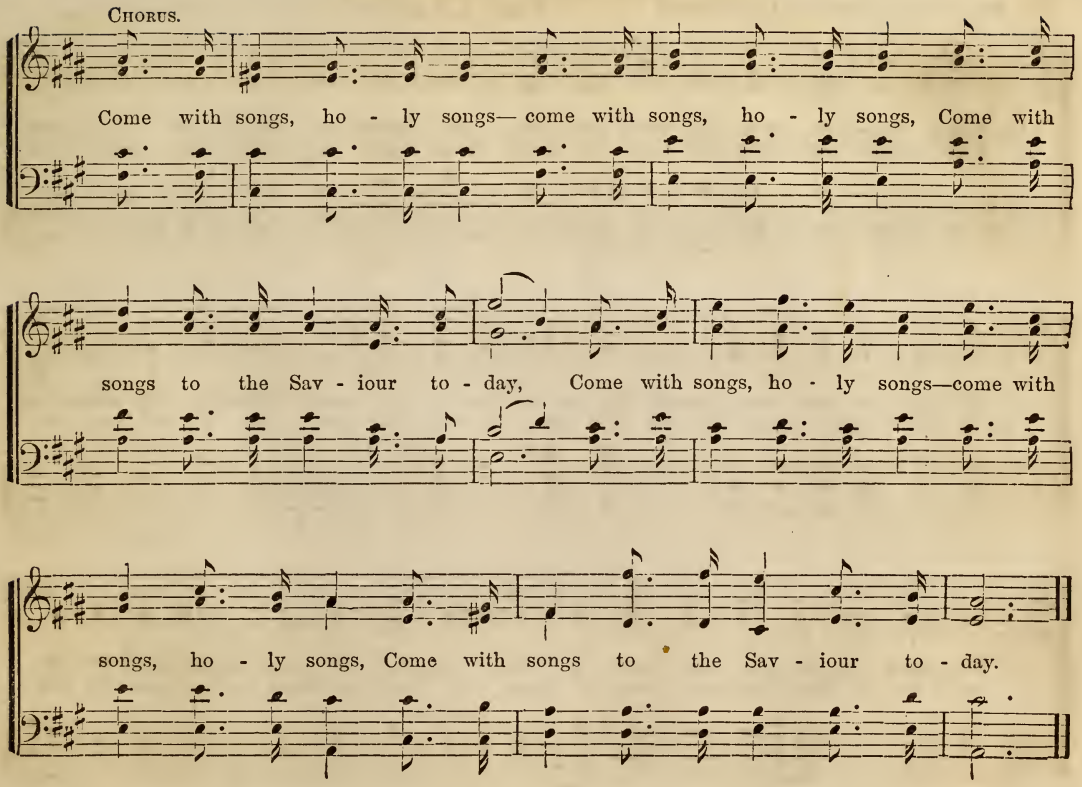
2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me ;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And He will not neglect me:
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion." *Cho.*

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together ;
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals. *Cho.*

COME WITH SONGS, HOLY SONGS.

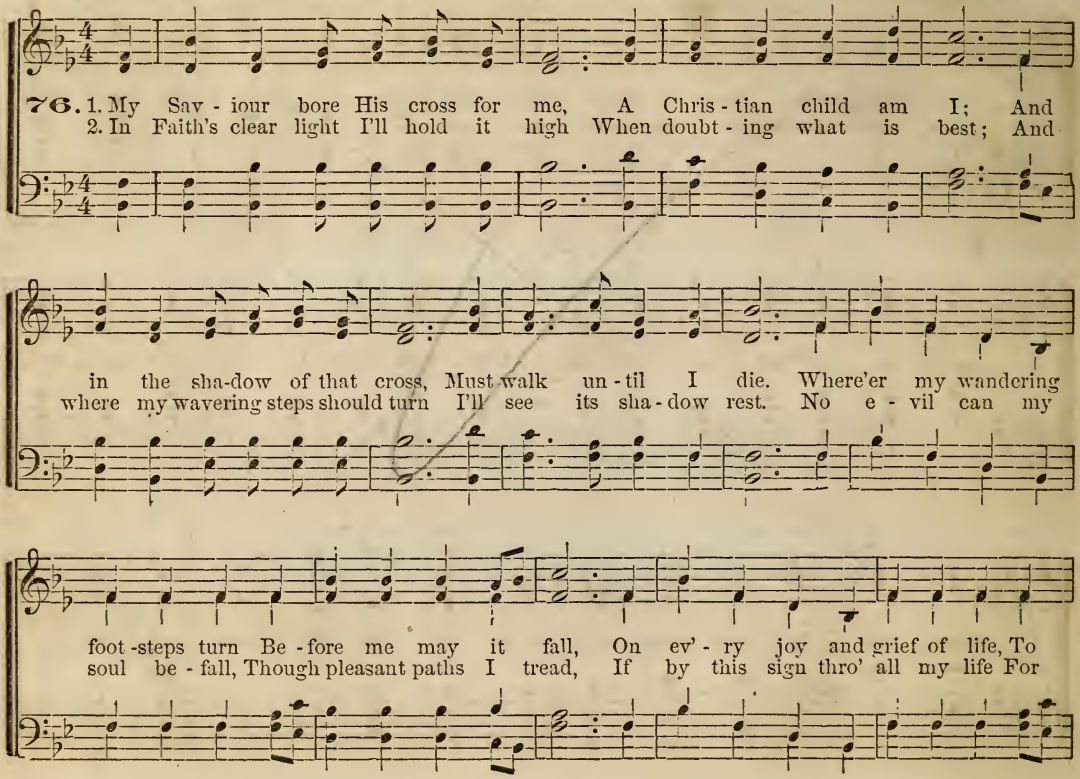
Words by Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.



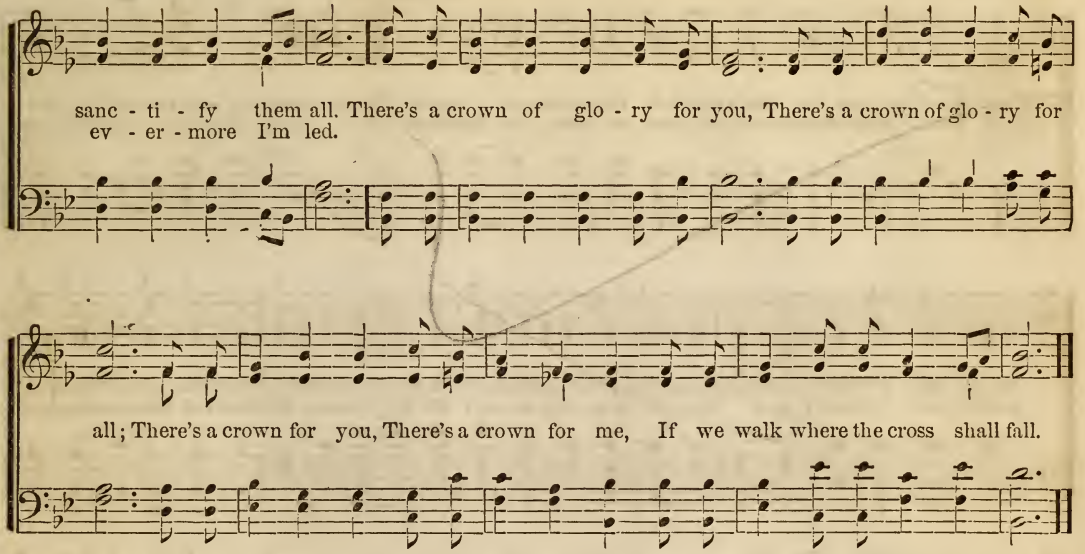

Chorus.
Come with songs, ho - ly songs— come with songs, ho - ly songs, Come with
songs to the Sav - iour to - day, Come with songs, ho - ly songs—come with
songs, ho - ly songs, Come with songs to the Sav - iour to - day.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. Music by R. M. McINTOSH. From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



CHORUS.

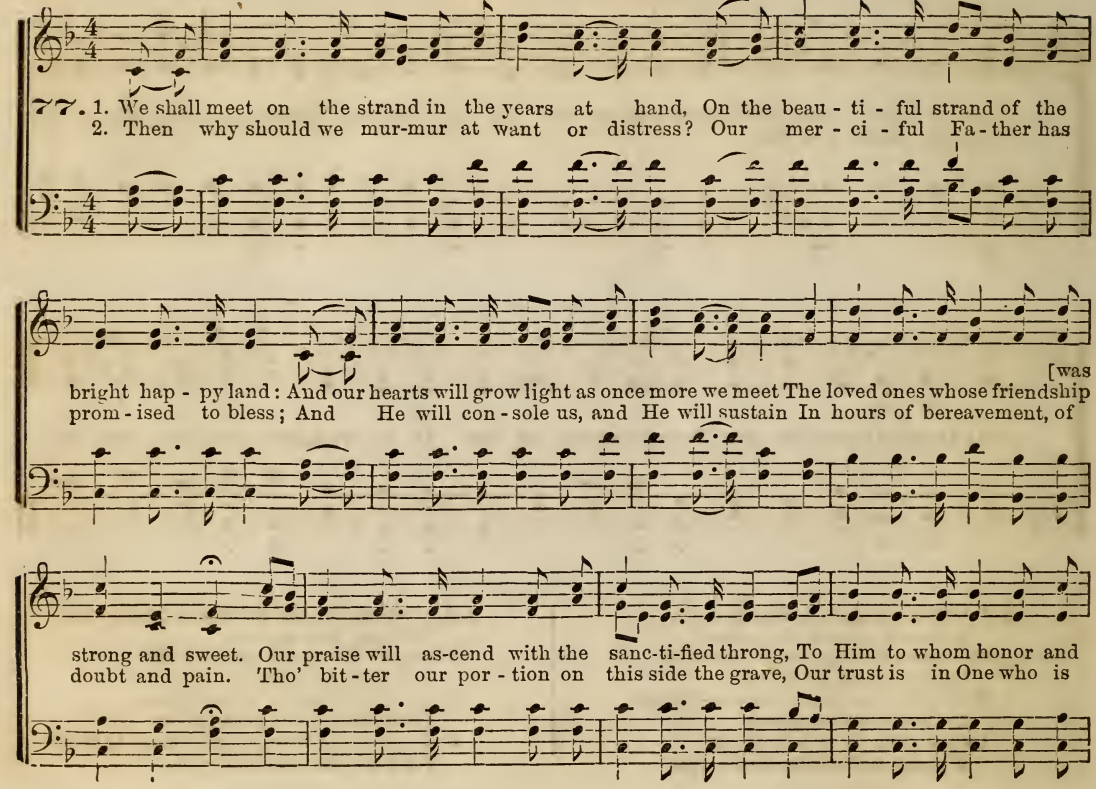


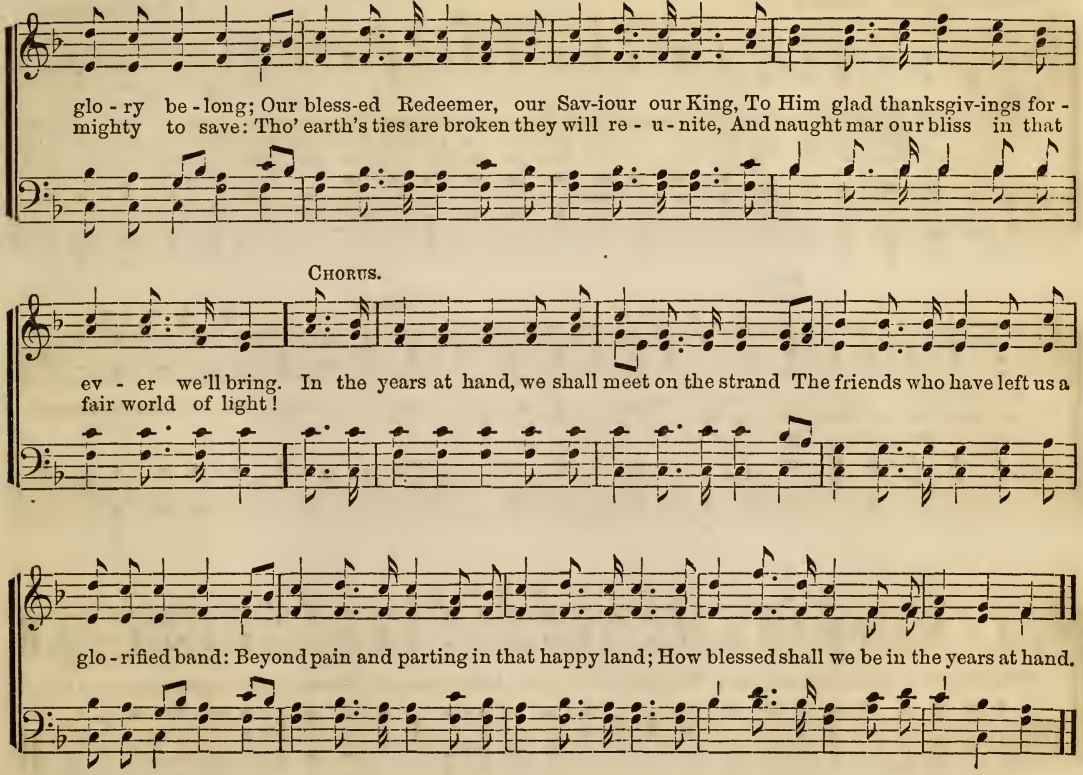
3 I must avoid each tempting path,
However smooth the ground,
On which the shadow of the cross
Cannot by me be found;
Must pluck no flower however bright,
No leaf however green,
Unless upon them both it can
Without a doubt be seen.—*Cho.*

4 And should it lead through rugged ways
Until my feet are sore,
I'll know I'm in the path of life,
If it shall fall before.
Then in the shadow of the cross,
Though dark the pathway be,
God, grant me strength and grace to walk
Till I my Saviour see.—*Cho.*

IN THE YEARS AT HAND.
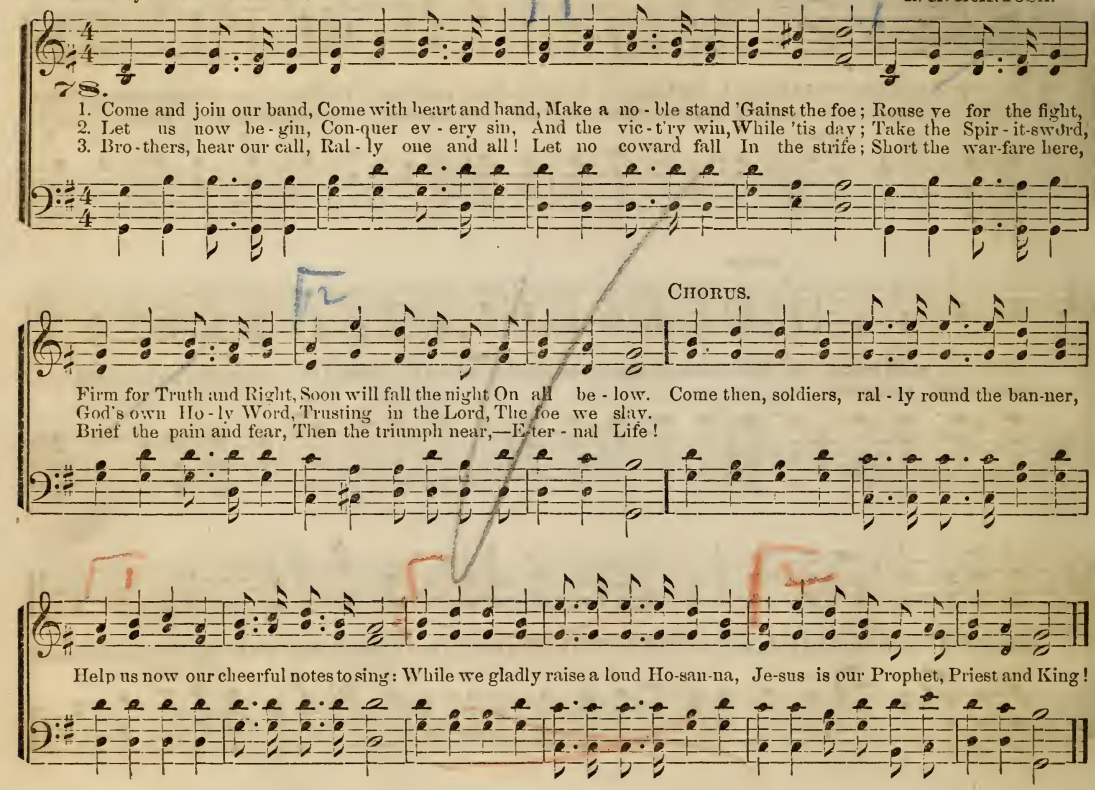
Words by KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH.

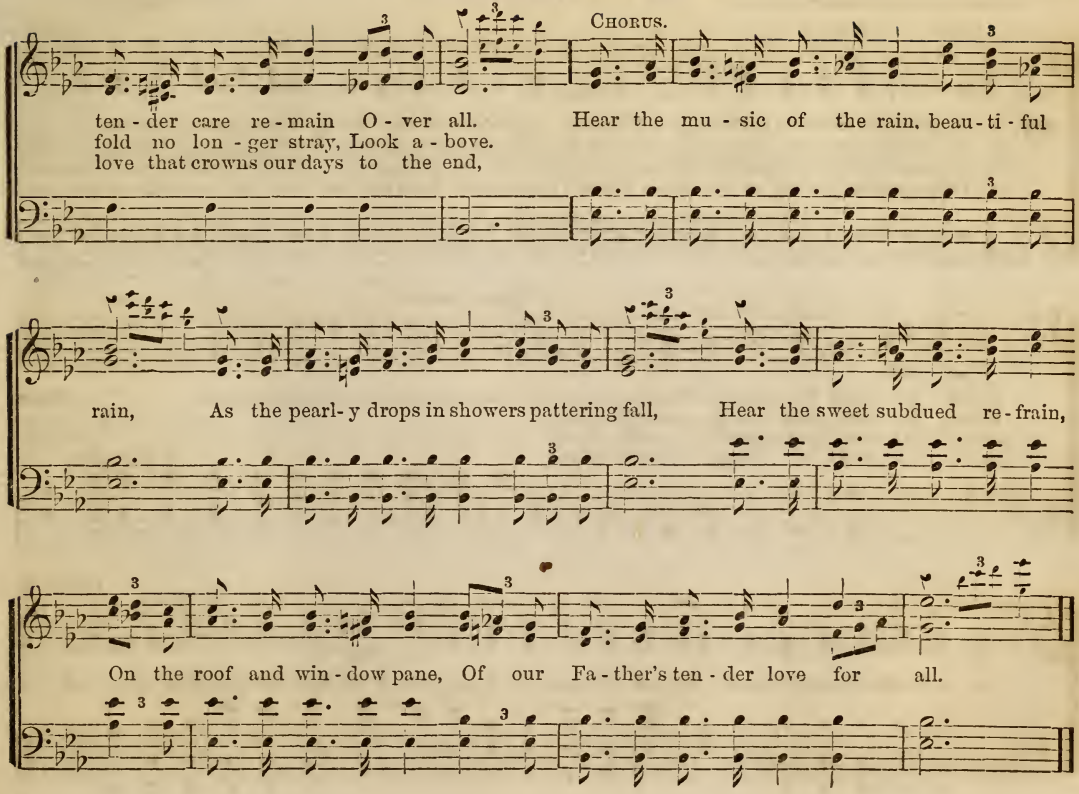



glo - ry be - long; Our bless-ed Redeemer, our Sav-iour our King, To Him glad thanksgiv-ings for -
mighty to save: Tho' earth's ties are broken they will re - u - nite, And naught mar our bliss in that
Chorus.
ev - er we'll bring. In the years at hand, we shall meet on the strand The friends who have left us a
fair world of light!
glo - rified band: Beyond pain and parting in that happy land; How blessed shall we be in the years at hand.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLYING SONG

Words by KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH.

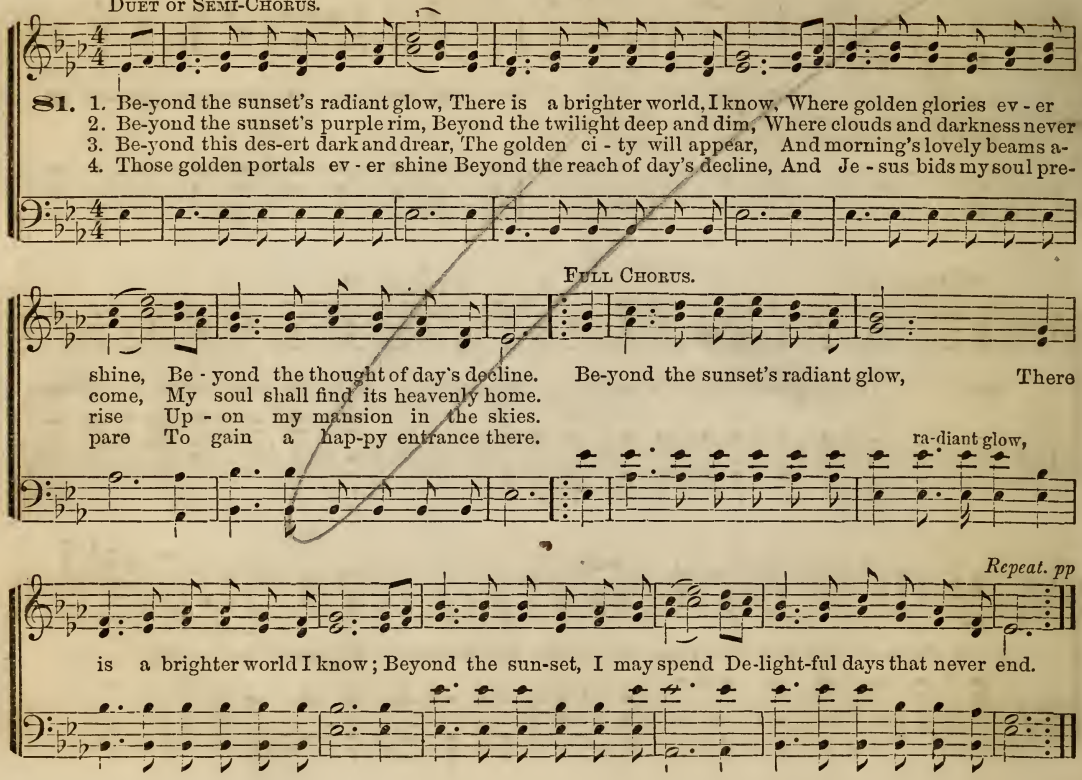



Chorus.
ten - der care re - main O - ver all.
fold no lon - ger stray, Look a - bove.
love that crowns our days to the end,
Hear the mu - sic of the rain, beau - ti - ful
rain, As the pearl - y drops in showers pattering fall, Hear the sweet subdued re - frain,
On the roof and win - dow pane, Of our Fa - ther's ten - der love for all.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS.

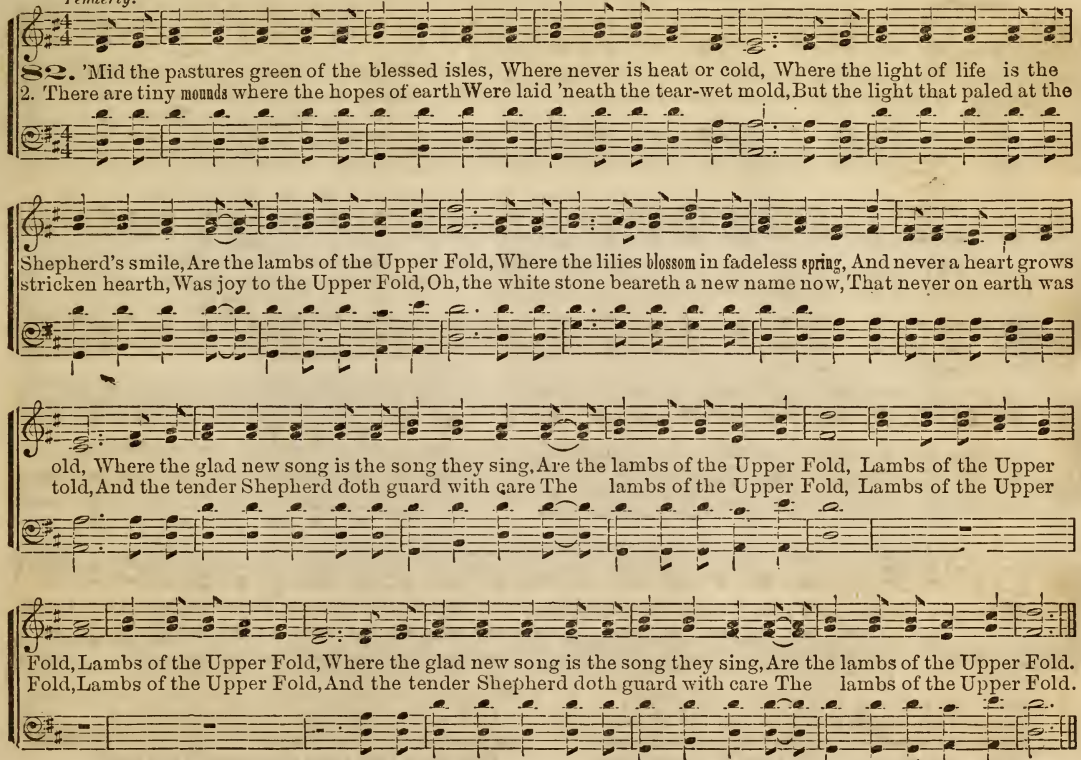
DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

Words by PAULINA. Music by Rev. B. R. HANDY. From "THE PRIZE," by per. ROOT & CADY.

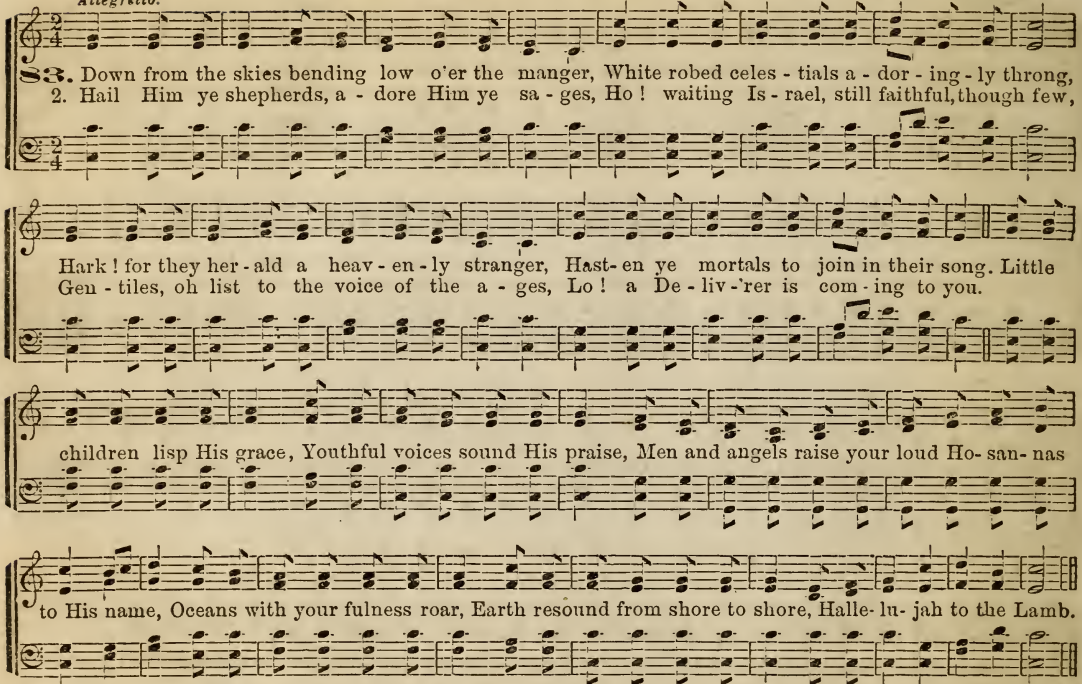
Tenderly.



DOWN FROM THE SKIES.
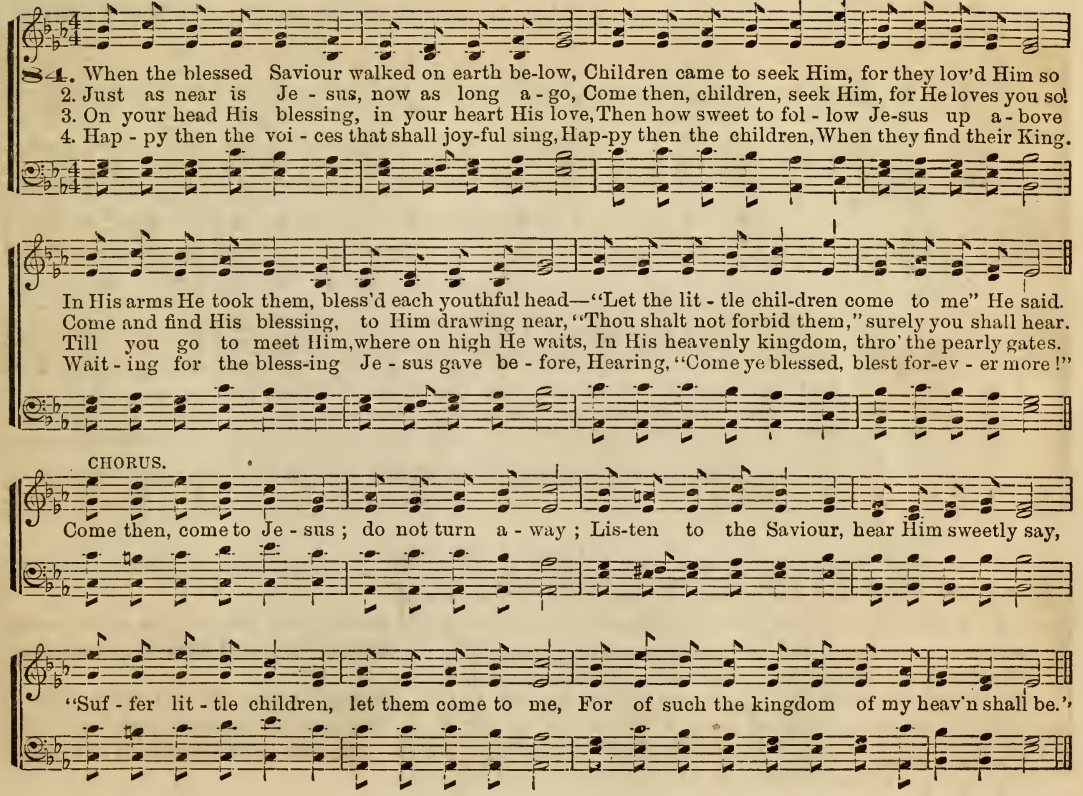
Words and Music by Rev. B. R. HANDY. From "CHAPEL GEMS," by per. ROOT & CADY.

Allegretto.



3 Dark is the pathway before Him and dreary,
Onward it leads to the cross and the grave,
Cheerful he treads it though fainting and weary,
Thus, only thus, He His lov'd ones can save.

4 Weep not oh stricken ones, when shall enfold Him
All the deep darkness of Calvary's gloom,
Soon, soon our tear-blinded eyes shall behold Him
Walking a God from the gates of the tomb.

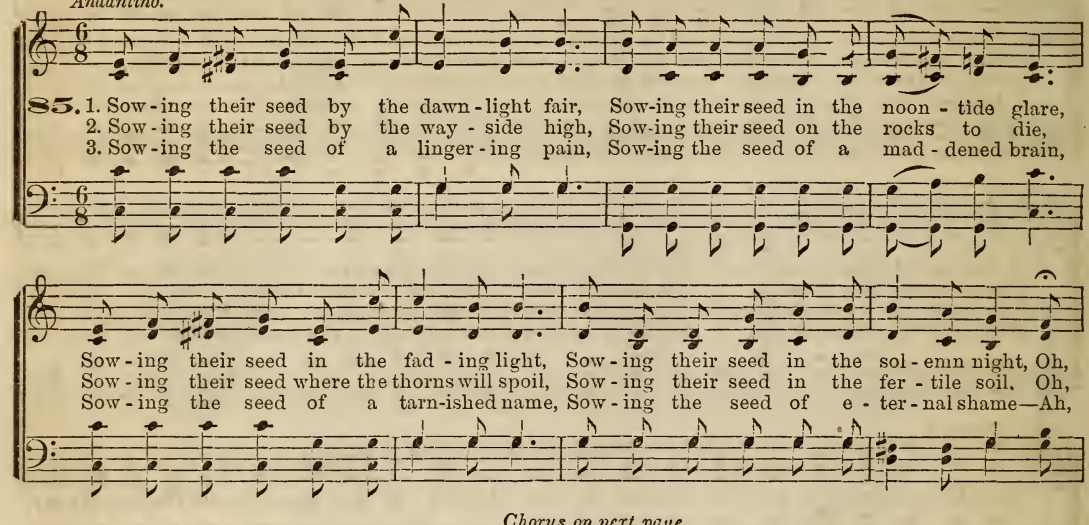

1. When the blessed Saviour walked on earth be-low, Children came to seek Him, for they lov'd Him so
2. Just as near is Je - sus, now as long a - go, Come then, children, seek Him, for He loves you so!
3. On your head His blessing, in your heart His love, Then how sweet to fol - low Je-sus up a - bove
4. Hap - py then the voi - ces that shall joy-ful sing, Hap-py then the children, When they find their King.
In His arms He took them, bless'd each youthful head—"Let the lit - tle chil-dren come to me" He said.
Come and find His blessing, to Him drawing near, "Thou shalt not forbid them," surely you shall hear.
Till you go to meet Him, where on high He waits, In His heavenly kingdom, thro' the pearly gates.
Wait - ing for the bless-ing Je - sus gave be - fore, Hearing, "Come ye blessed, blest for-ev - er more!"
CHORUS.
Come then, come to Je - sus; do not turn a - way; Lis-ten to the Saviour, hear Him sweetly say,
"Suf - fer lit - tle children, let them come to me, For of such the kingdom of my heav'n shall be."

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

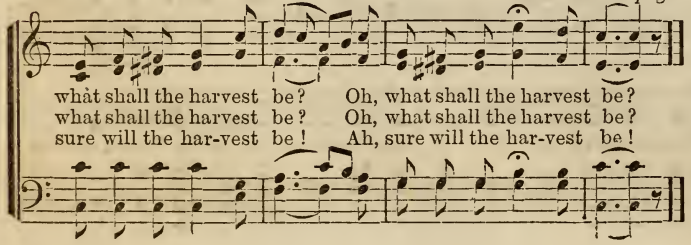
D. HAYDN LLOYD.

Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT & CADY.

Andantino.
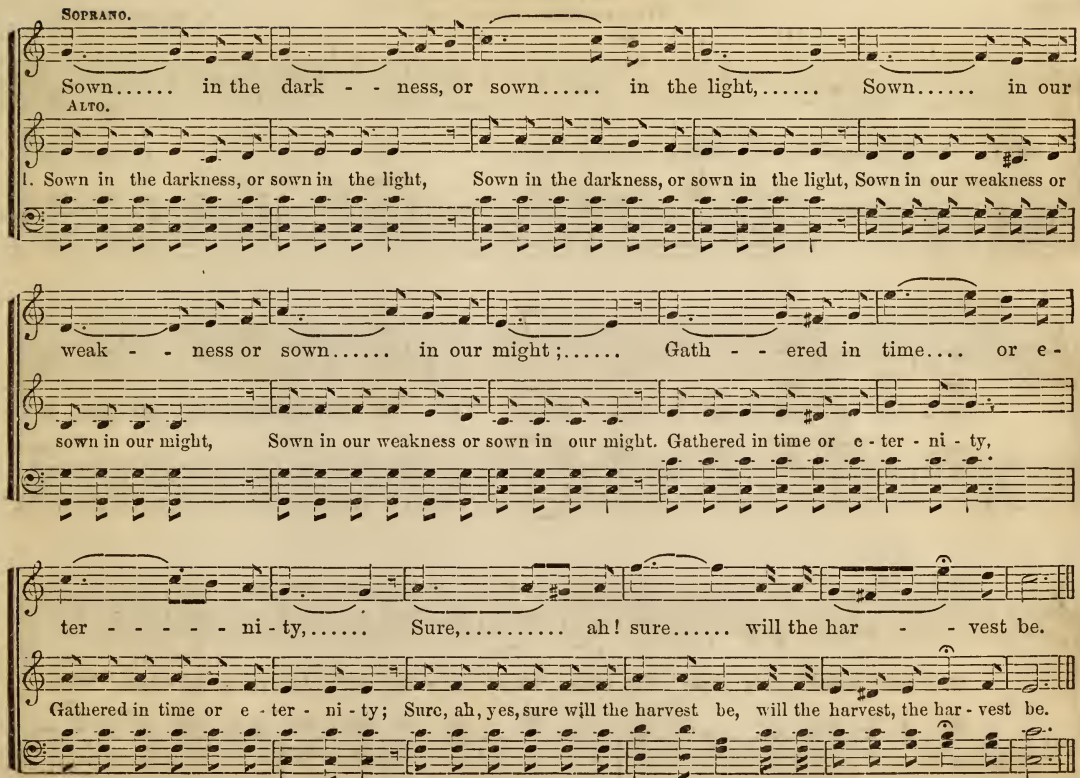


Chorus on next page.



4.

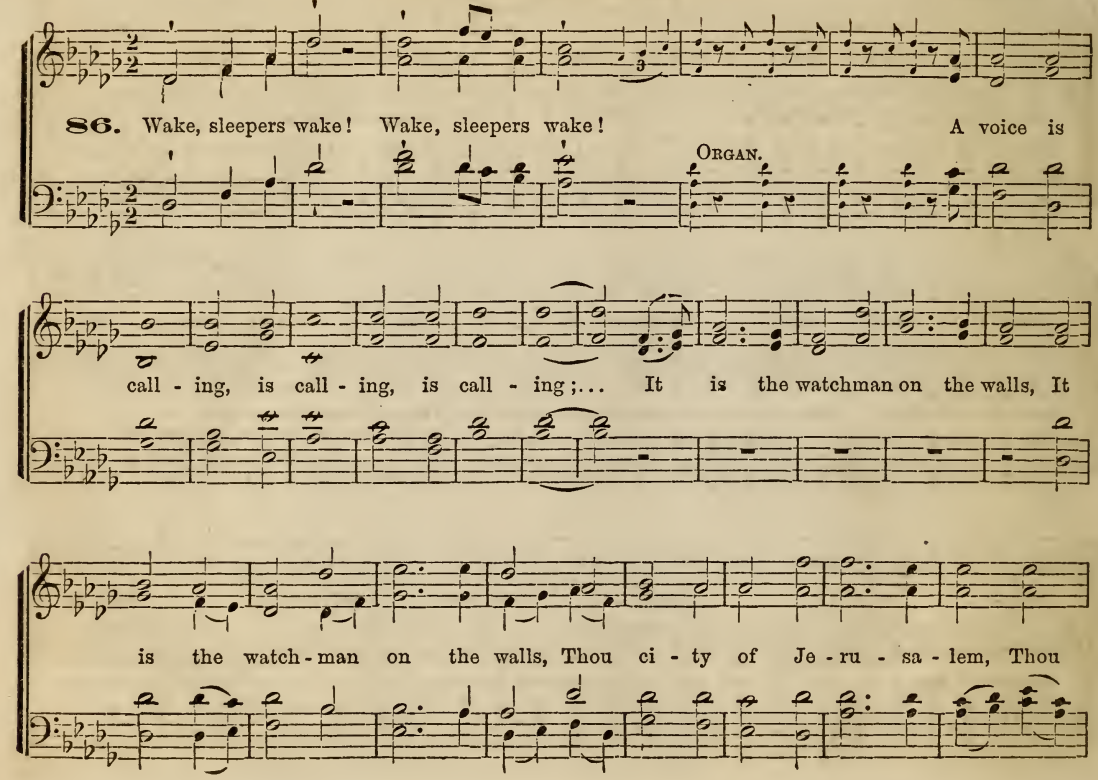
Sowing their seed with an aching heart,
Sowing their seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come.
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—*Cho.*
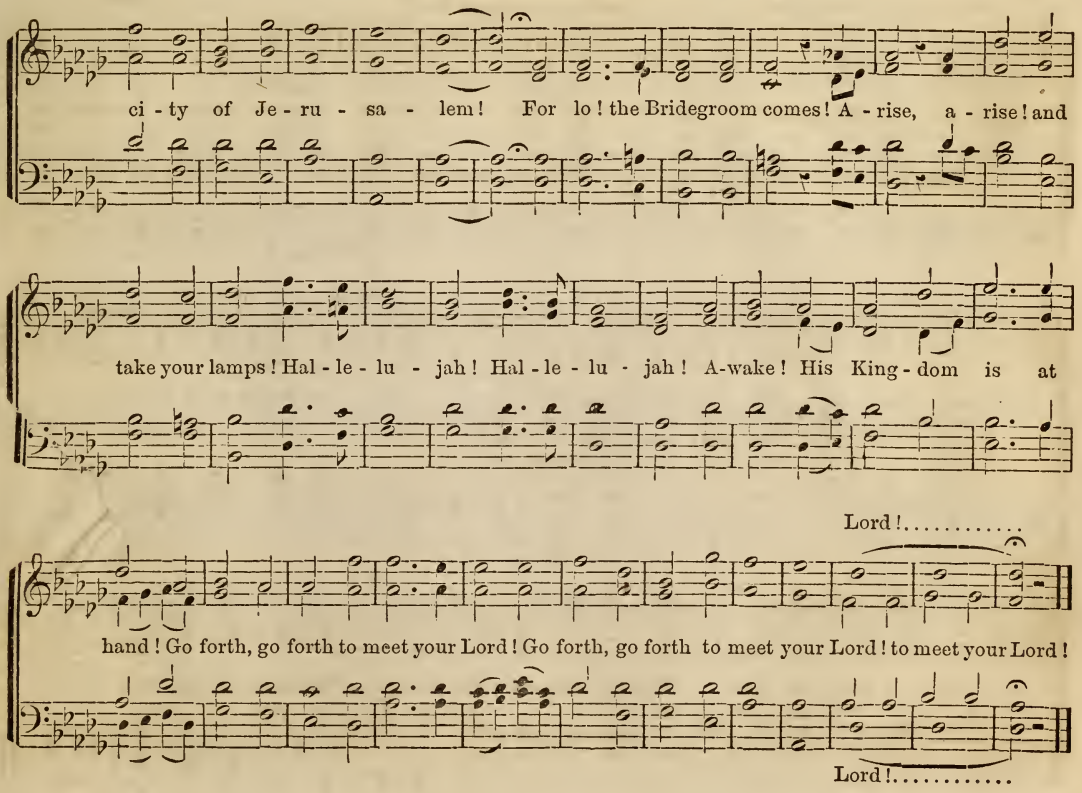

Soprano.
Sown..... in the dark - - ness, or sown..... in the light,..... Sown..... in our
Alto.
1. Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or
weak - - ness or sown..... in our might;..... Gath - - ered in time.... or e -
sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might. Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty,
ter - - - - - ni - ty,..... Sure,..... ah! sure..... will the har - - vest be.
Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty; Sure, ah, yes, sure will the harvest be, will the harvest, the har - vest be.

WAKE, SLEEPERS!

"They all slumbered and slept."

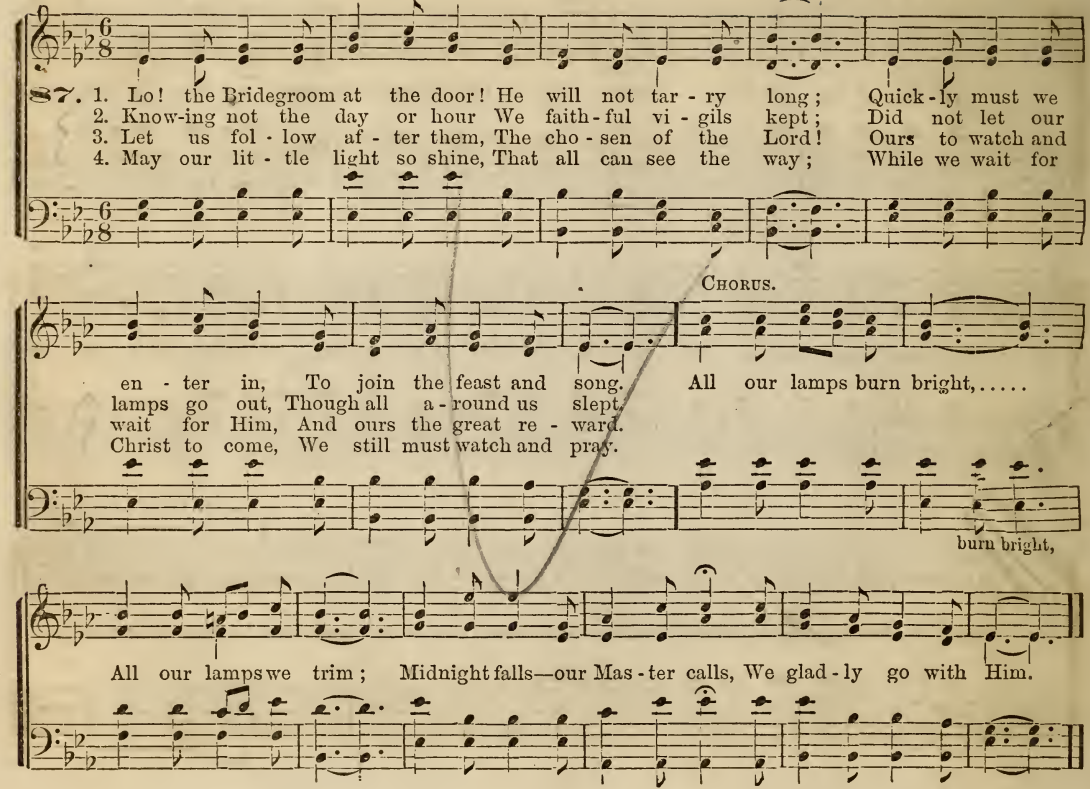
R. M. McINTOSH.



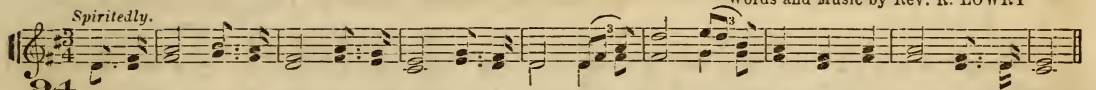

ci - ty of Je - ru - sa - lem! For lo! the Bridegroom comes! A - rise, a - rise! and
take your lamps! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A-wake! His King - dom is at
Lord!.....
hand! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! to meet your Lord!
Lord!.....

THE WISE VIRGINS.

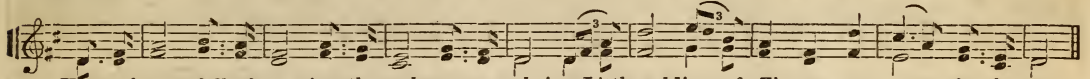
Words by KATE CAMERON. "And five of them were wise" R. M. McINTOSH.



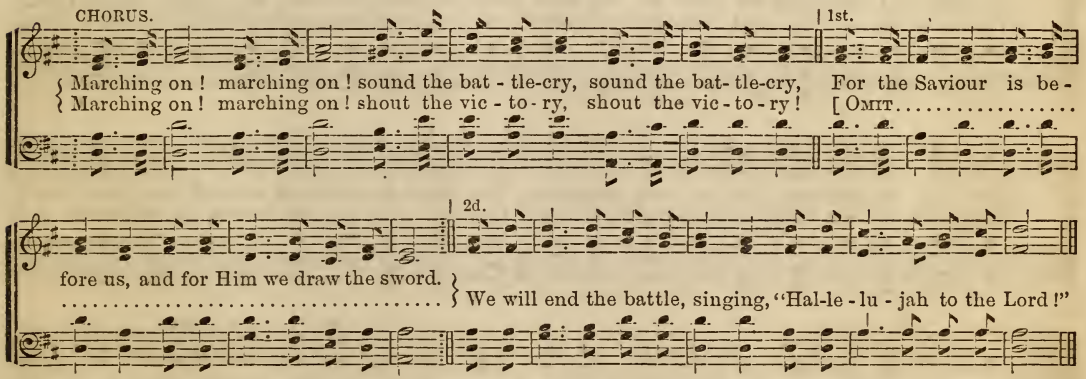
Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY



1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;
2 Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we go;



Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little soldiers of Zi-on pre-pare for the war.
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ever right on toward the foe.



{ Marching on! marching on! sound the bat-tle-cry, sound the bat-tle-cry, For the Saviour is be-
{ Marching on! marching on! shout the vic-to-ry, shout the vic-to-ry! [OMIT.....

fore us, and for Him we draw the sword.
..... } We will end the battle, singing, "Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lord!"

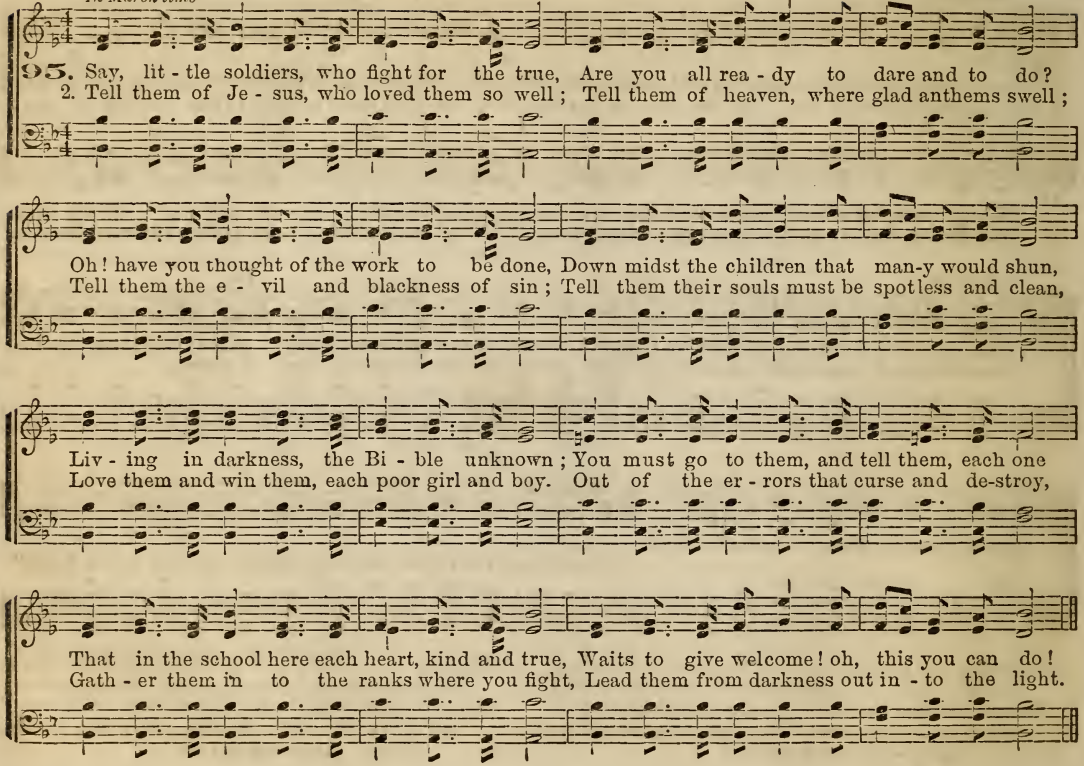
3 Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain we draw every sword:
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike every rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
CHO.—Marching on! &c.

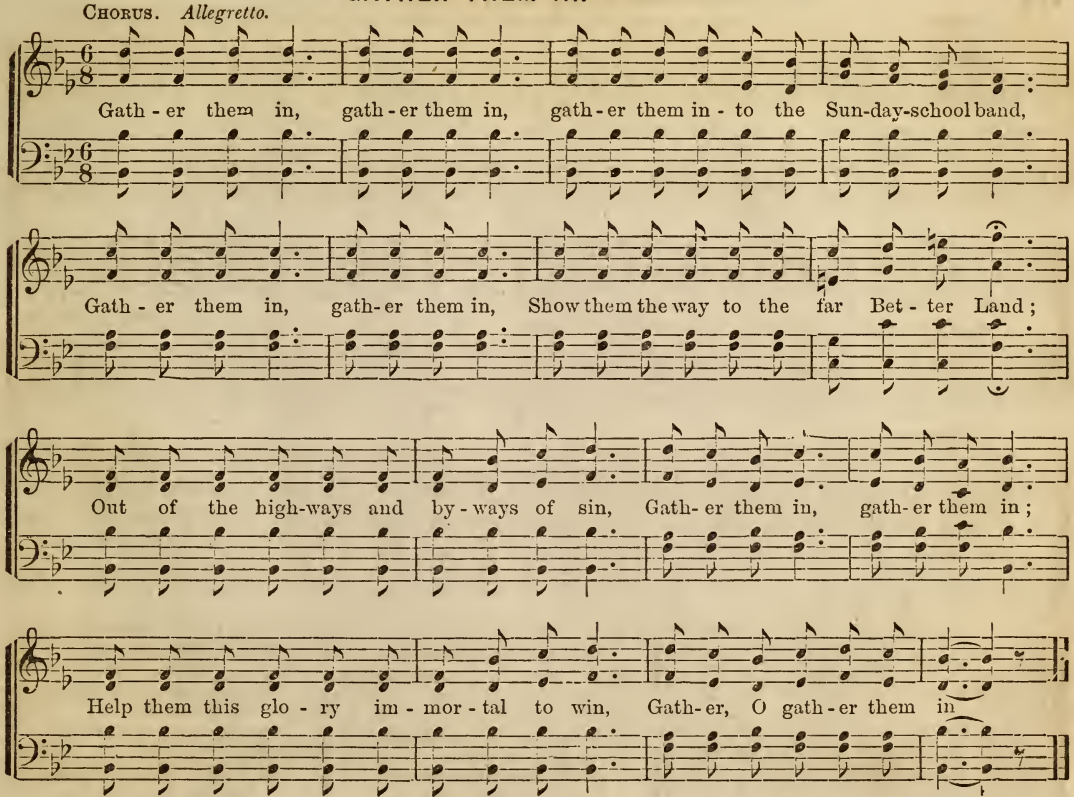
4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
CHO.—Marching on! &c.

GATHER THEM IN.

Words by E. E. REXFORD. *In March time*

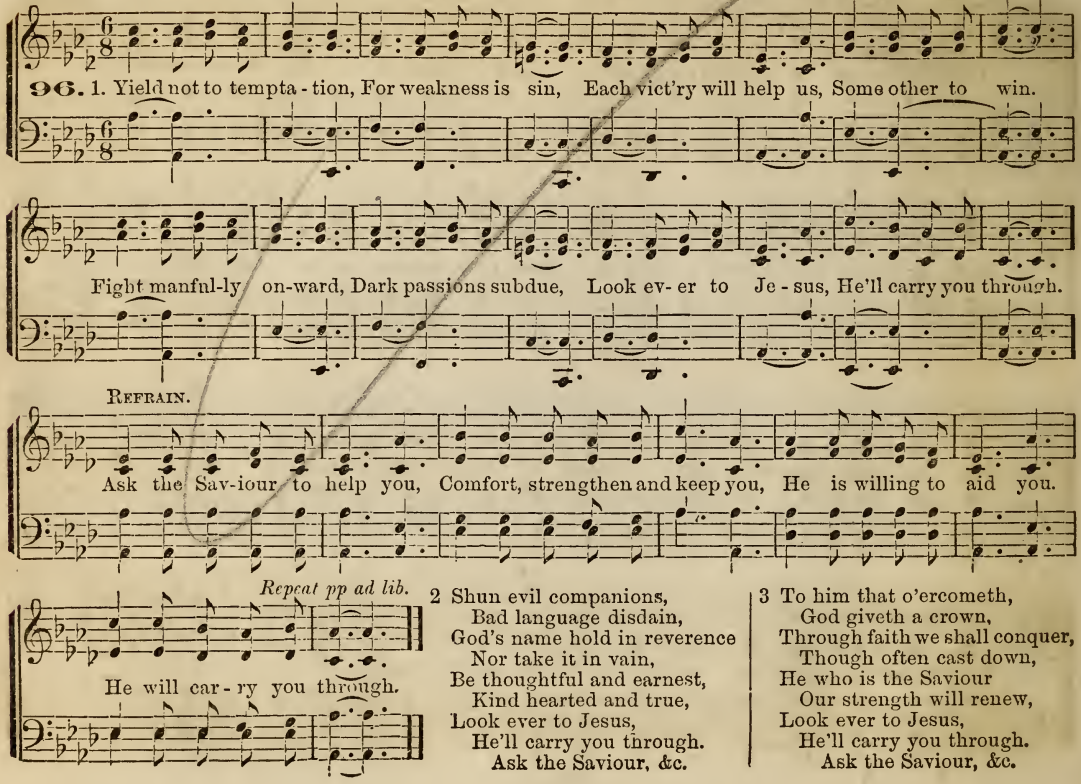
From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT & CADY. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.




Chorus. Allegretto.
Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, gath - er them in - to the Sun-day-school band,
Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Show them the way to the far Bet - ter Land;
Out of the high-ways and by - ways of sin, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in;
Help them this glo - ry im - mor - tal to win, Gath - er, O gath - er them in

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, from "PALMER'S SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS." by per.

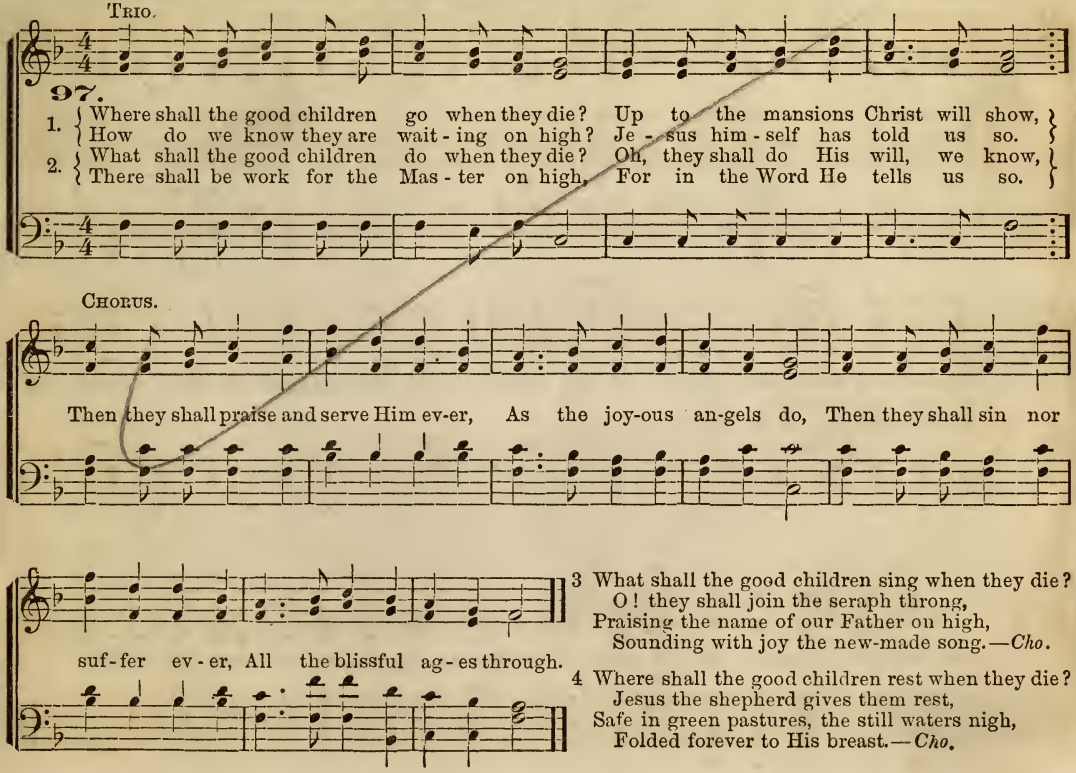


2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence
Nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

WHERE SHALL THE GOOD CHILDREN GO?

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

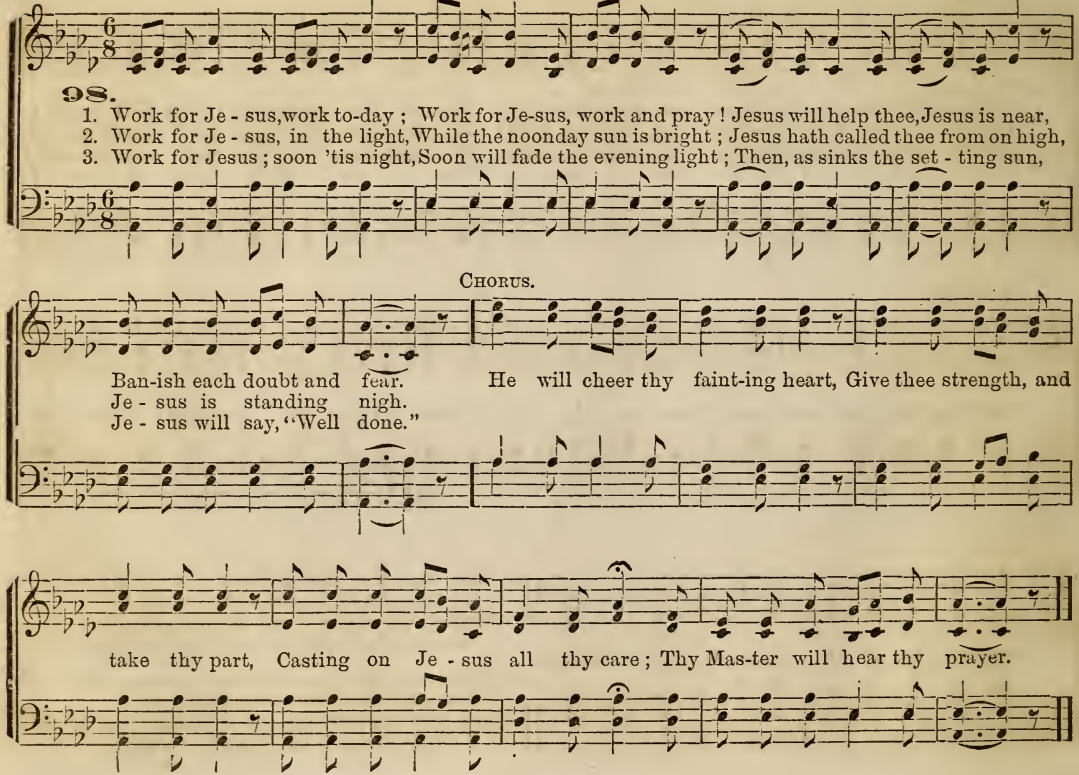


3 What shall the good children sing when they die?
O! they shall join the seraph throng,
Praising the name of our Father on high,
Sounding with joy the new-made song.—*Cho.*
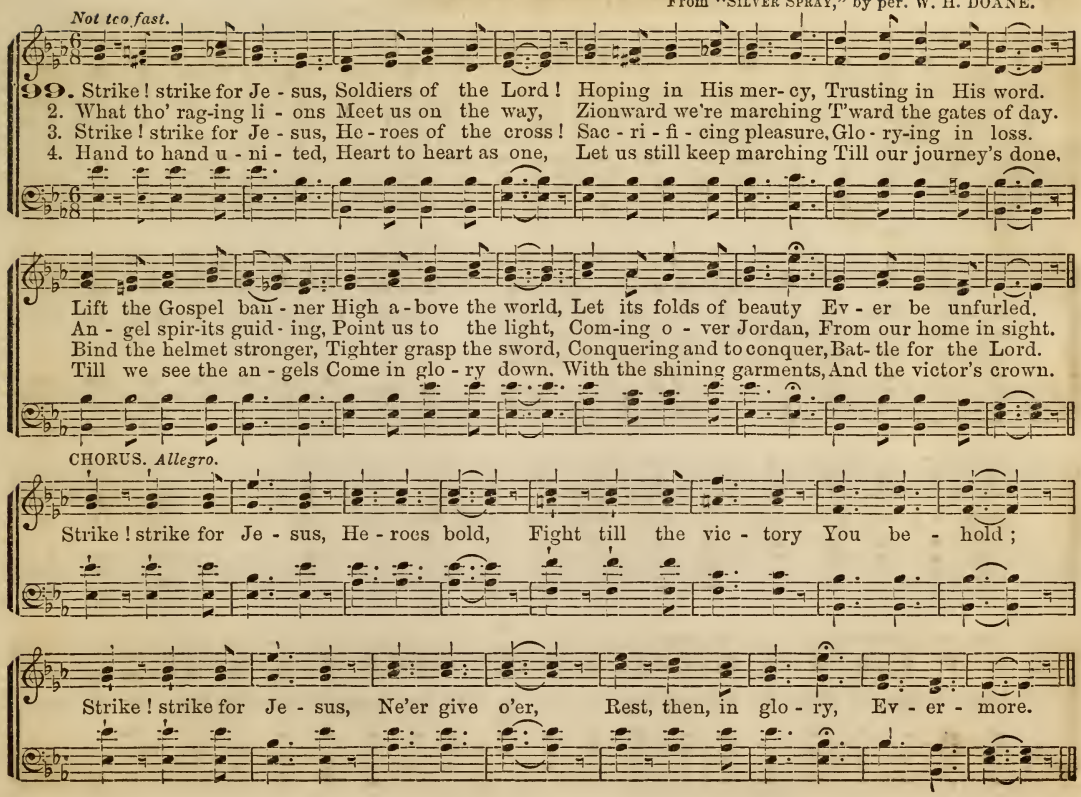
4 Where shall the good children rest when they die?
Jesus the shepherd gives them rest,
Safe in green pastures, the still waters nigh,
Folded forever to His breast.—*Cho.*

WORK FOR JESUS.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. Music by T. E. PERKINS, From "Songs of Salvation," by per.

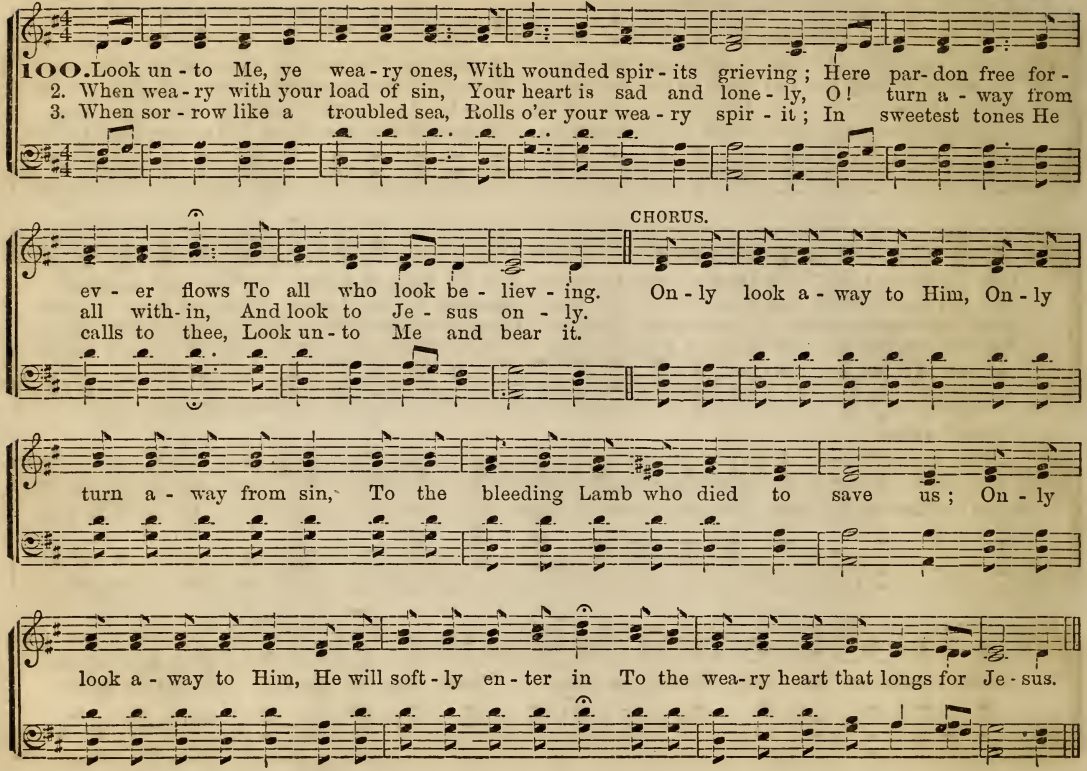


From "SILVER SPRAY," by per. W. H. DOANE.



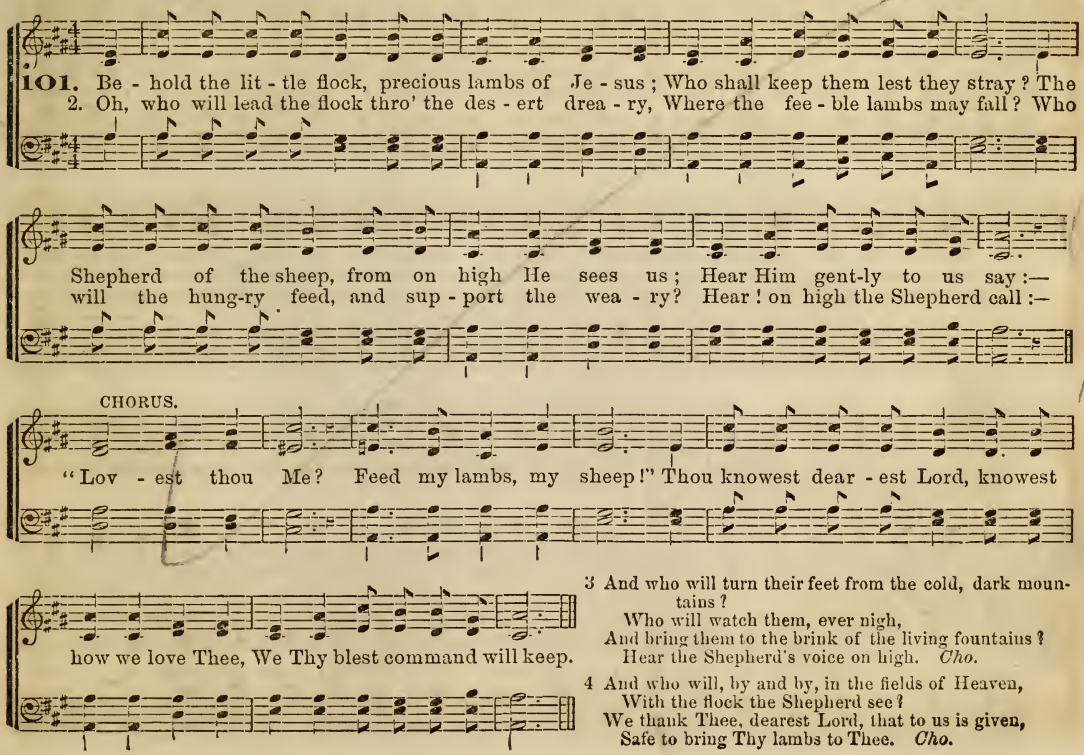
ONLY LOOK TO JESUS.

From "SILVER SPRAY," by per. W. H. DOANE.



BEHOLD THE LITTLE FLOCK.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. (SONG FOR TEACHERS.) Dr. A. B. EVERETT.
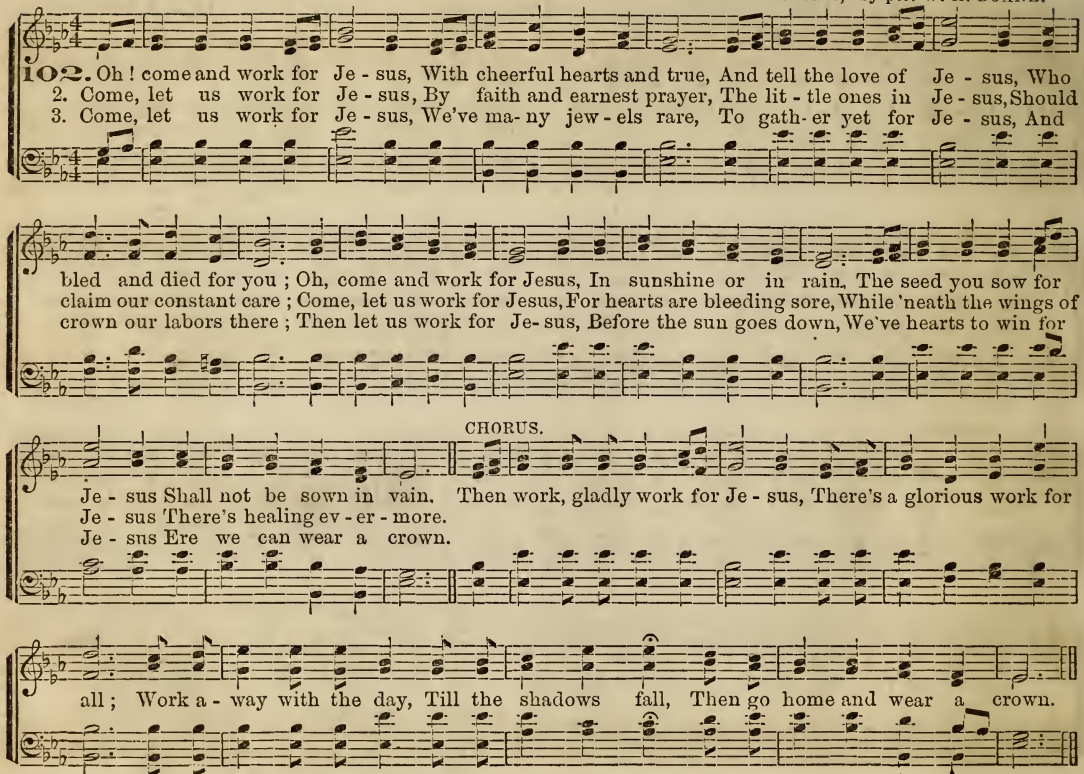


3 And who will turn their feet from the cold, dark mountains ?
Who will watch them, ever nigh,
And bring them to the brink of the living fountains ?
Hear the Shepherd's voice on high. *Cho.*

4 And who will, by and by, in the fields of Heaven,
With the flock the Shepherd see ?
We thank Thee, dearest Lord, that to us is given,
Safe to bring Thy lambs to Thee. *Cho.*

COME AND WORK FOR JESUS.

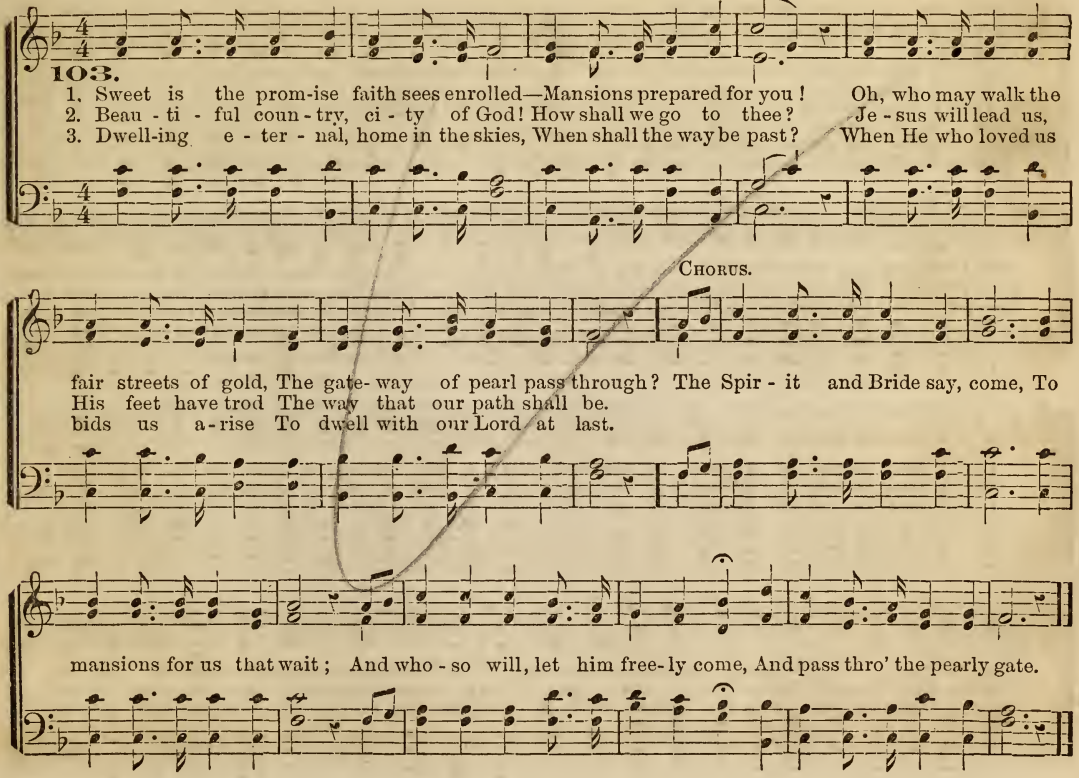
From "Silver Spray," by per. W. H. DOANE.



MANSIONS THAT WAIT.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.
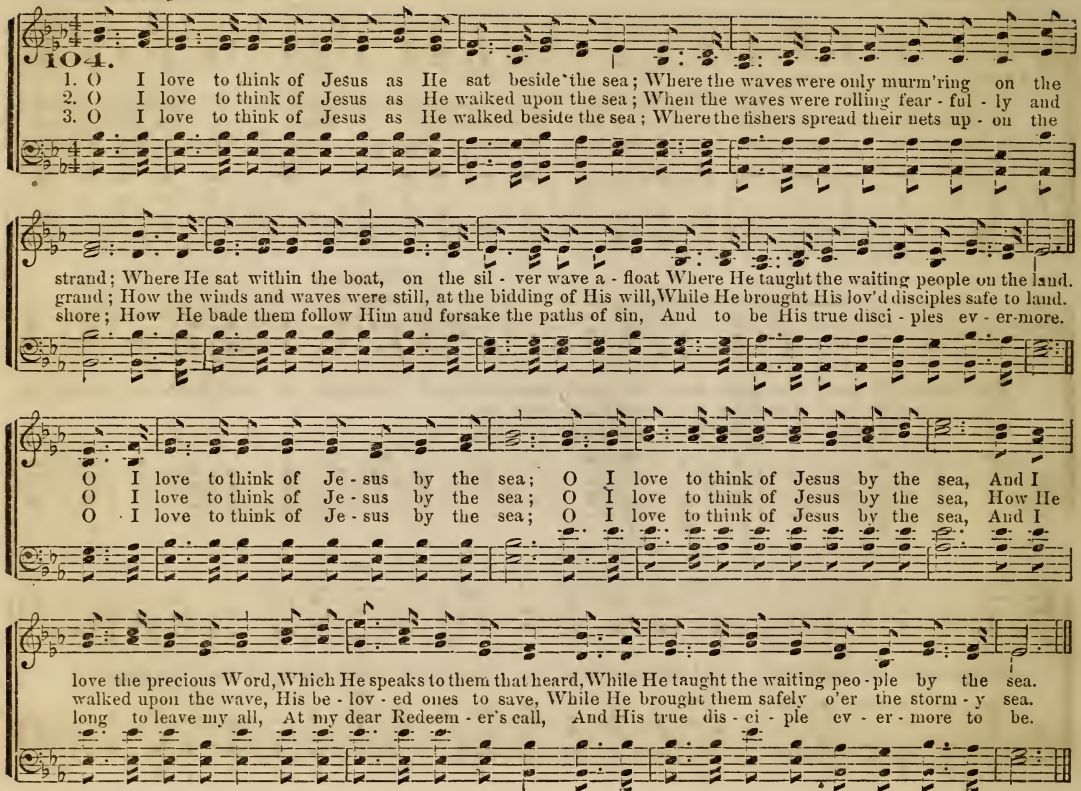
Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.



122 Words by REV. WM. O. CUSHING. *Reverentially.*

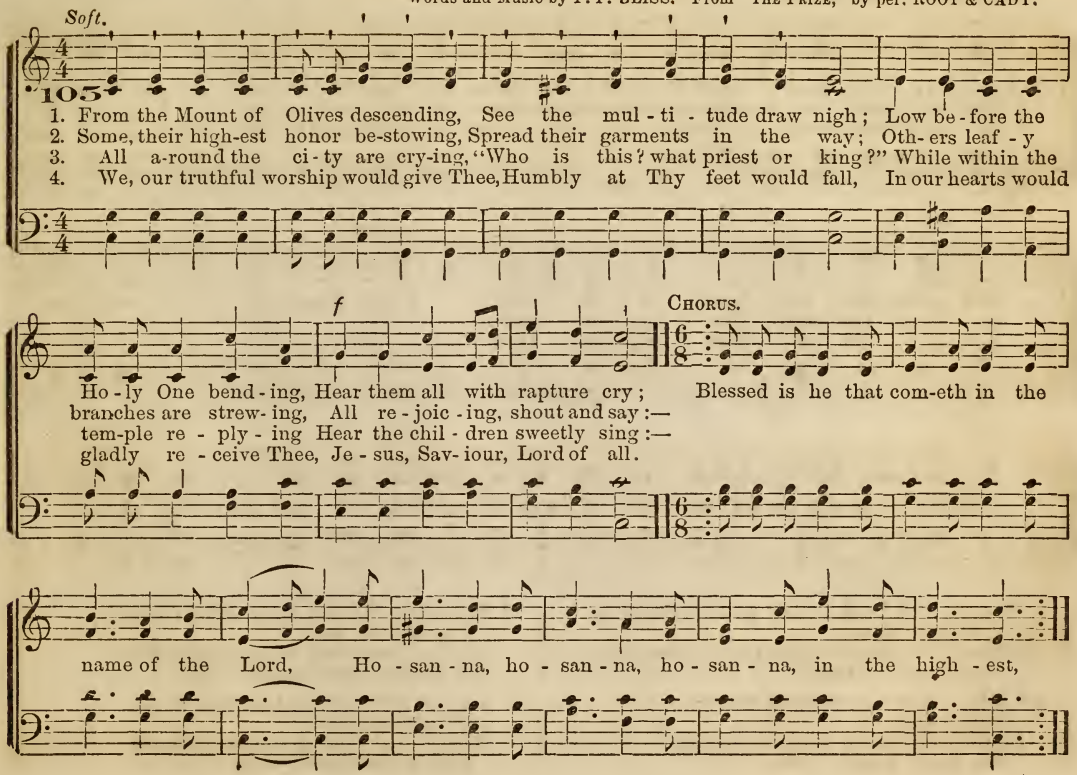
JESUS BY THE SEA.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



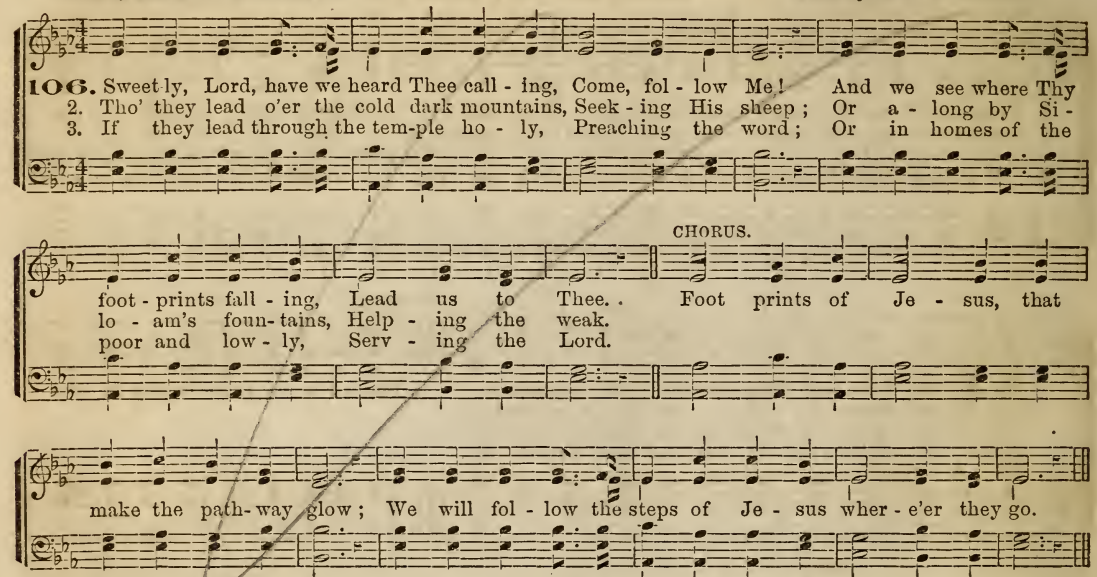
HOSANNA! HOSANNA!

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per. ROOT & CADY.



FOOT STEPS OF JESUS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

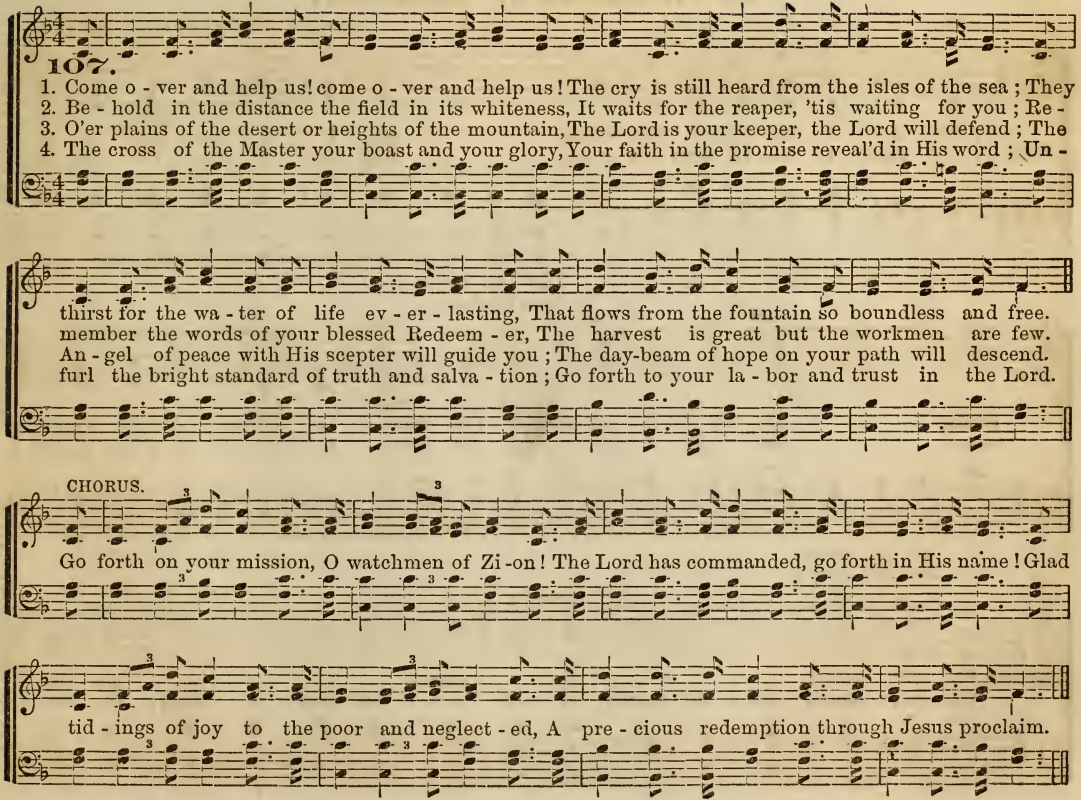


4 Though, dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
We follow Thee;
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!—*Cho.*

5 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—*Cho.*

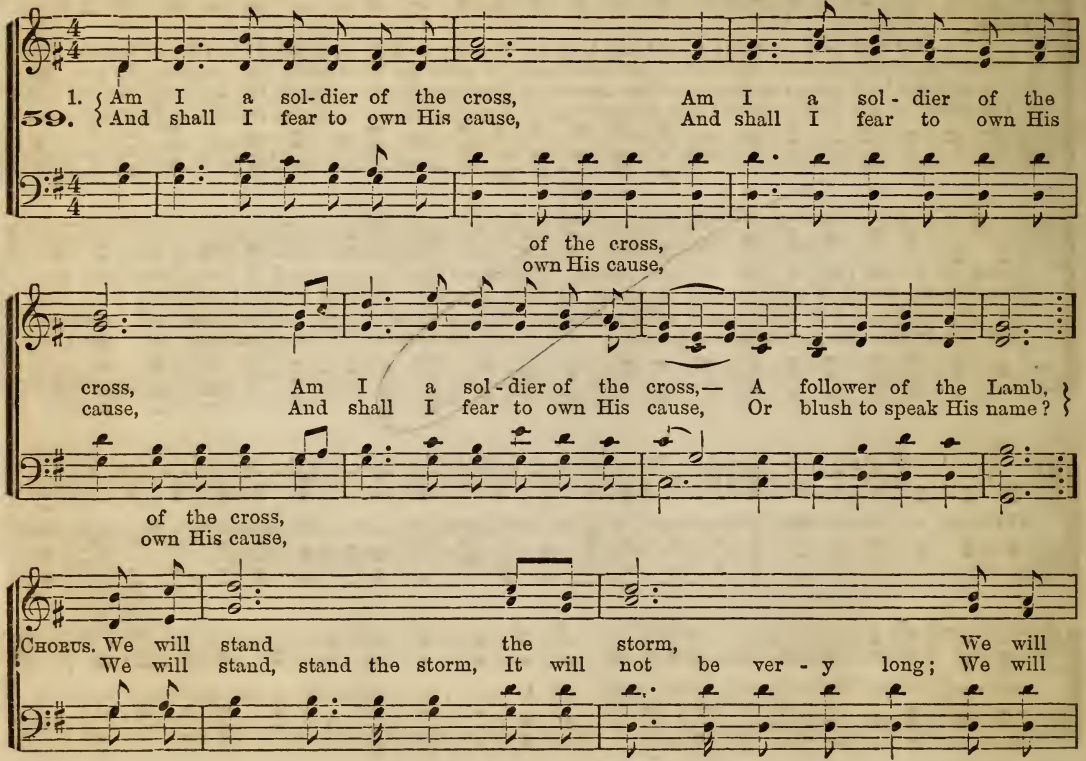
6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—*Cho.*

7 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.—*Cho.*


107.
1. Come o - ver and help us! come o - ver and help us! The cry is still heard from the isles of the sea; They
2. Be - hold in the distance the field in its whiteness, It waits for the reaper, 'tis waiting for you; Re -
3. O'er plains of the desert or heights of the mountain, The Lord is your keeper, the Lord will defend; The
4. The cross of the Master your boast and your glory, Your faith in the promise reveal'd in His word; Un -
thirst for the wa - ter of life ev - er - lasting, That flows from the fountain so boundless and free.
member the words of your blessed Redeem - er, The harvest is great but the workmen are few.
An - gel of peace with His scepter will guide you; The day-beam of hope on your path will descend.
furl the bright standard of truth and salva - tion; Go forth to your la - bor and trust in the Lord.
CHORUS.
Go forth on your mission, O watchmen of Zi - on! The Lord has commanded, go forth in His name! Glad
tid - ings of joy to the poor and neglect - ed, A pre - cious redemption through Jesus proclaim.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?

Arranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.



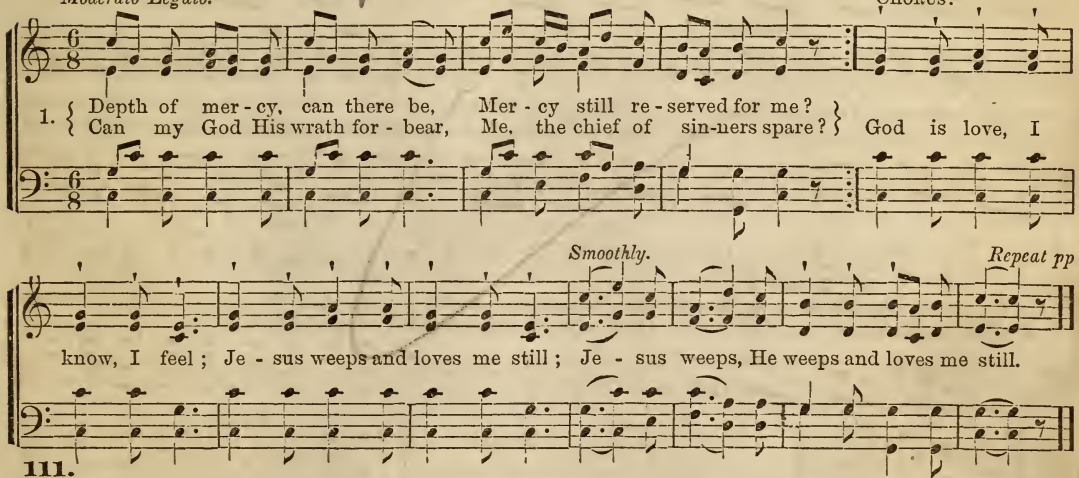
2 ||: Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Their silver chimes we love, :||
A mission of peace to the heart they bear,
A welcome call to the house of prayer,
Telling of rapture, telling of rest,
Mansion of glory, tranquil and blest.—*Cho.*

3 ||: Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells, :||
O let us be grateful to God above.
Who crowneth our days with the light of love.
Blessed Redeemer, ever to Thee
Praise from Thy children offered shall be.—*Cho.*

PLEA FOR MERCY.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Moderato Legato.



111.

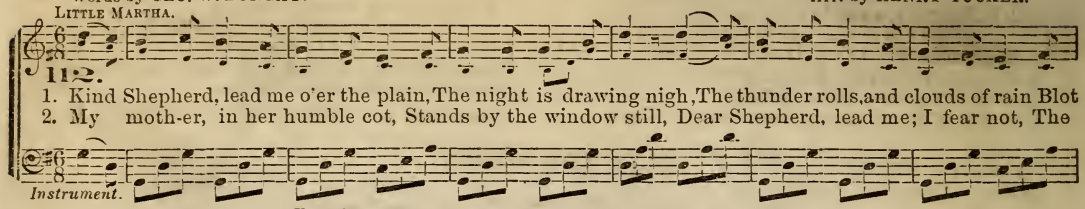
2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Chorus.—God is love, &c.

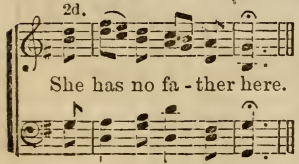
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
Chorus.—God is love, &c.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
Chorus.—God is love, &c.

KIND SHEPHERD, LEAD ME O'ER THE PLAIN.*

Words by GEO. W. BUNGAY. Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.





MARTHA.

3 Oh! shepherd, take me by the hand,
I see my mother's form,
She beckons, where the old elms stand,
An angel in the storm.

SHEPHERD.

Thy mother will not meet again,
Her darling, pleading child,
If I should lead thee o'er the plain,
Where winds are howling wild.—*Cho.*

MARTHA.

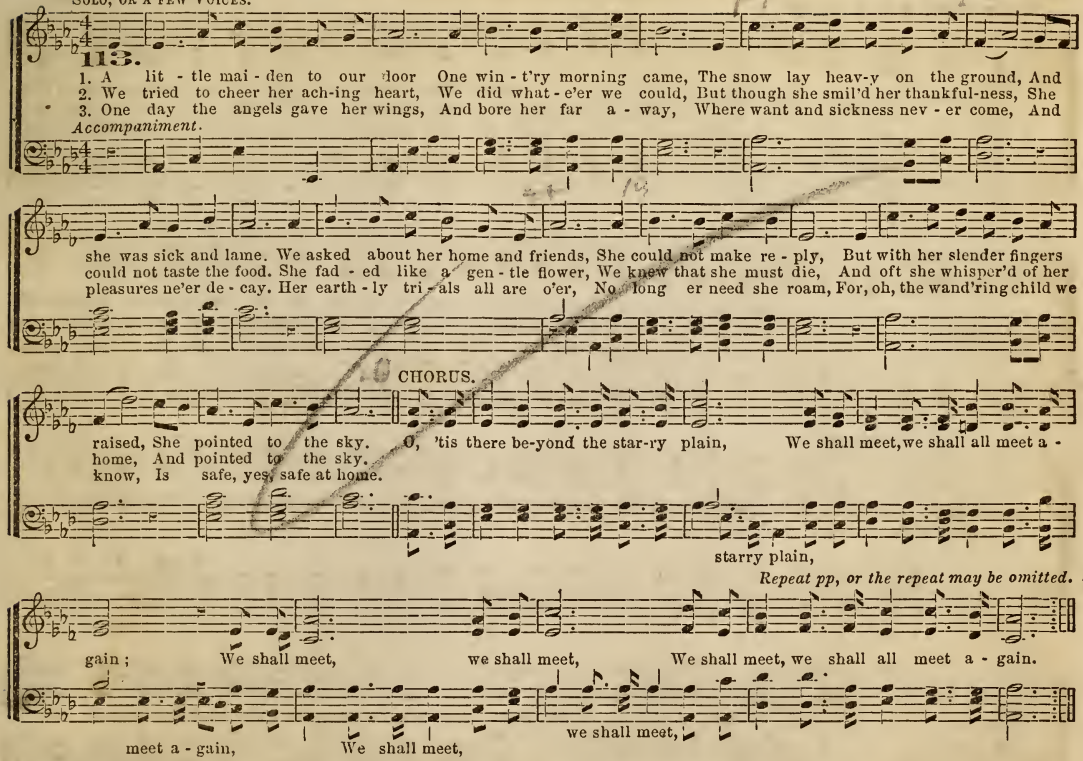
4 My mother prays for me, her child,
And thunders stop to hear,
Her accents soft, and sweet, and mild.
And Jesus bows His ear.

SHEPHERD.

Then I will lead thee o'er the plain,
Through darkness deep and wide,
The lightning coming with the rain,
Shall be the lamp to guide.—*Cho.*

* From "SUNDAY SCHOOL BELL No. 2." Melody by permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

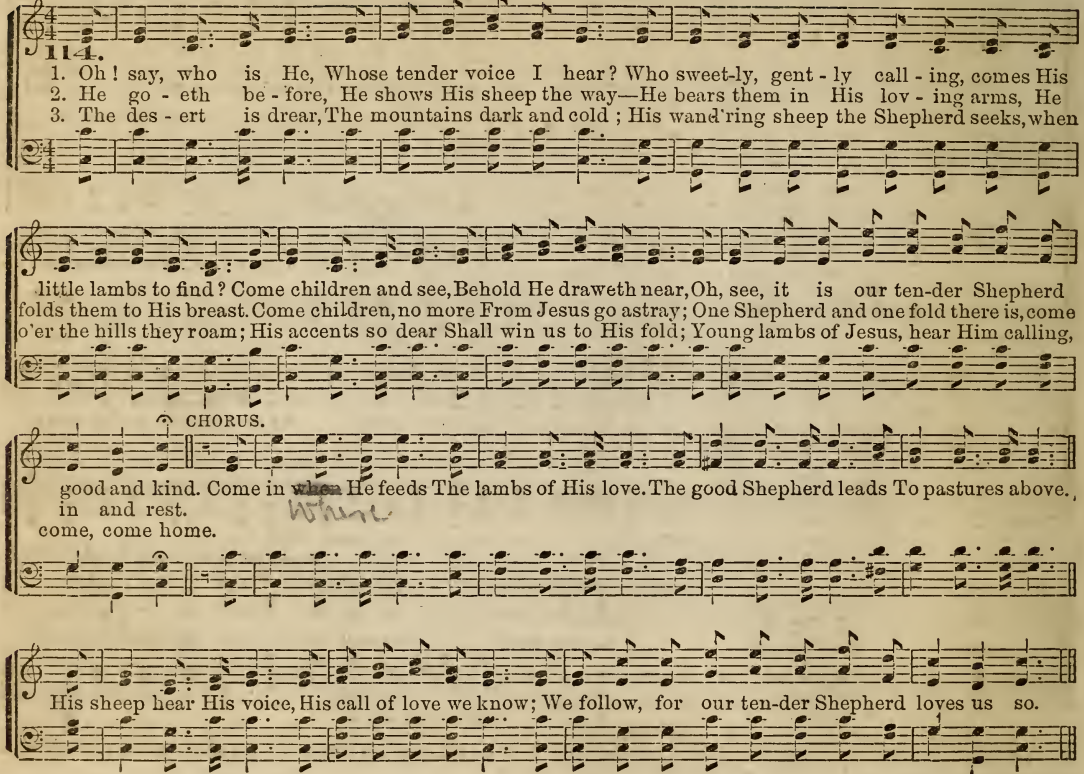
SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.



* We must never forget *the children at the door*. Thousands of them are homeless and friendless; and many, even in this Christian land, are starving insoul and body for the want of help. *Let us help them*

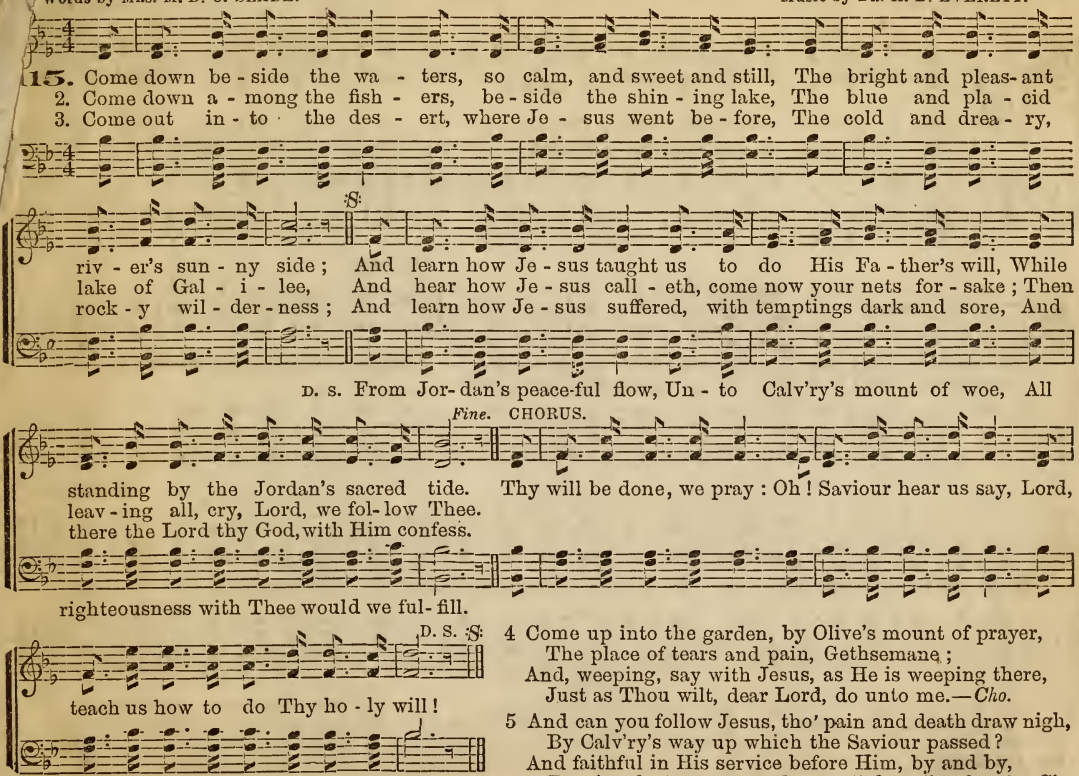
TENDER SHEPHERD.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



THY WILL BE DONE.

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by DR. A. B. EVERETT.

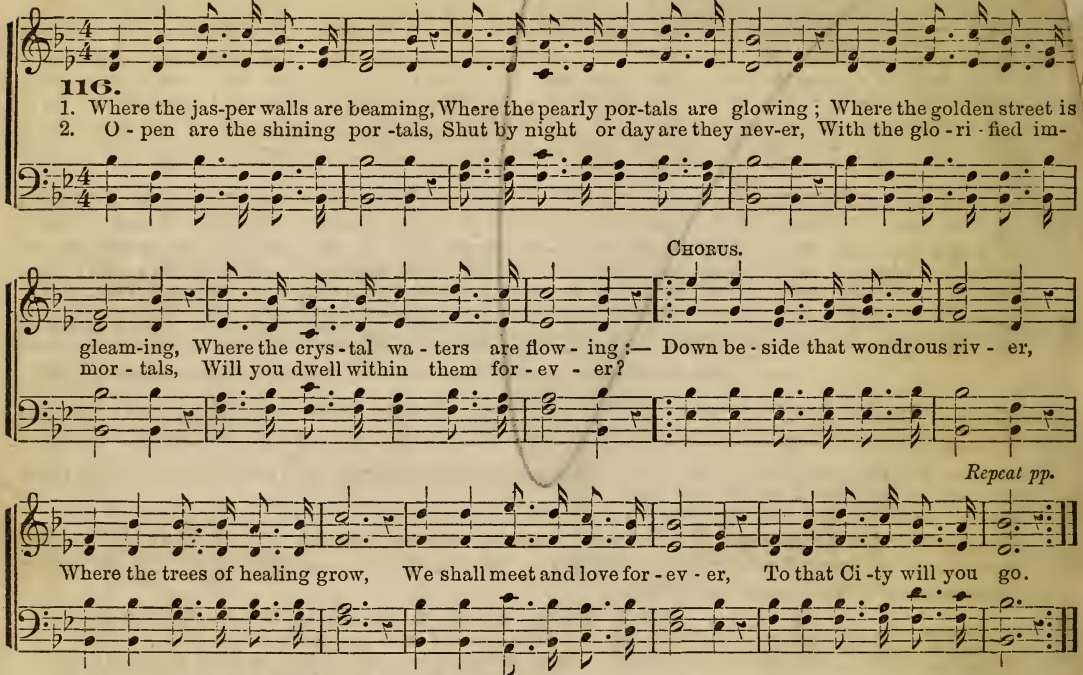


4 Come up into the garden, by Olive's mount of prayer,
The place of tears and pain, Gethsemane;
And, weeping, say with Jesus, as He is weeping there,
Just as Thou wilt, dear Lord, do unto me.—*Cho.*

5 And can you follow Jesus, tho' pain and death draw nigh,
By Calv'ry's way up which the Saviour passed?
And faithful in His service before Him, by and by,
Receive the blessed words, "well done," at last?—*Cho.*

TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

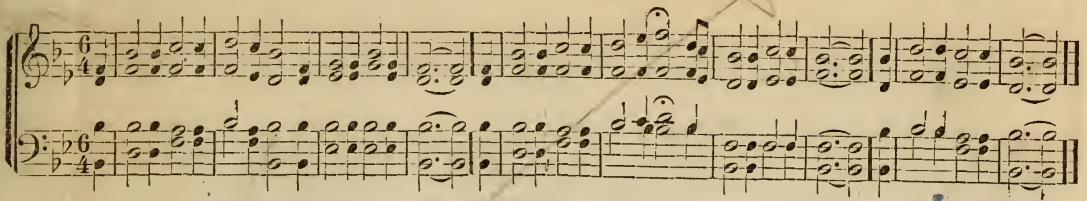
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



3 In that many mansioned dwelling,
Jesus, one for you is preparing ;
Where hosannas glad are swelling,
Will you come their joy sweetly sharing?
Cho.

4 Joyfully into the keeping
Of our loving Lord are we going ;
No more sorrow, pain, nor weeping,
No more waves of woe o'er us flowing.
Cho.

5 There shall be no days declining,
Tho' no sun nor moon light the heaven ;
From amidst the throne is shining,
Glory from the Lord freely given.
Cho.



117. C. M. COWPER.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

118. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall:
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

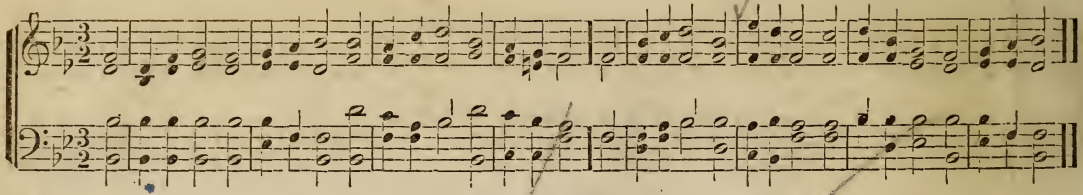
4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

119. C. M. WATTS.

1 NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HEBRON. L. M.

D. L. MASON, by per.



120. L. M. CENNICK.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blessed Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

121. L. M. WATTS.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

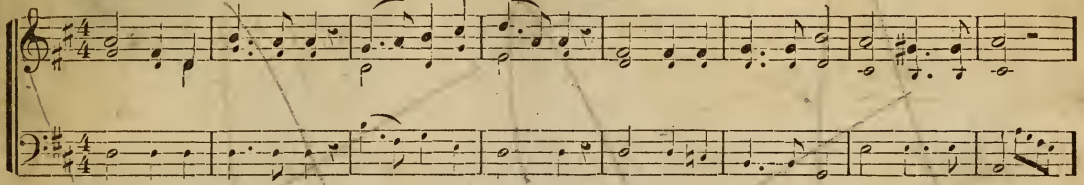
4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

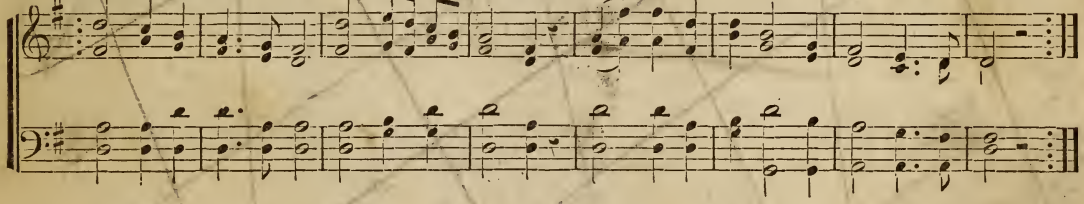
6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

S. WEBBE.

Solo, Duet or Trio.



1st time Soprano and Alto, Duet. 2d time Chorus.



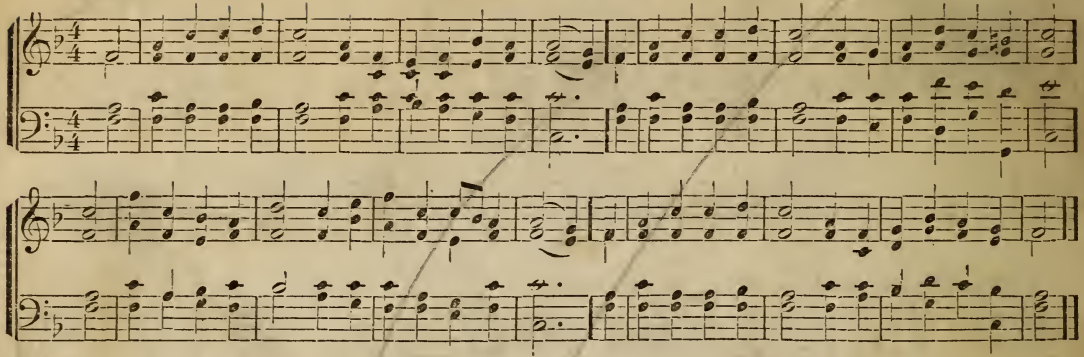
126. 11, 10. MOORE.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, and at God's altar fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, faddless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,—
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

HEBER.



127. 7s & 6s.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
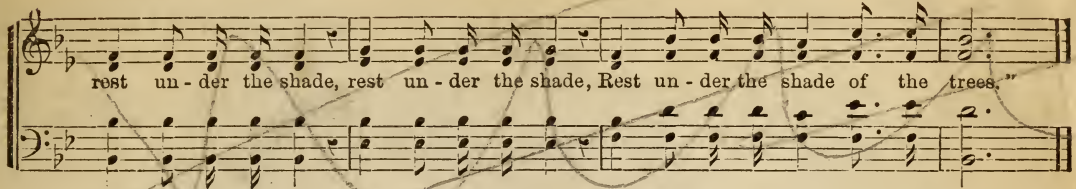
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

128. 7s & 6s.

1 Go, thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

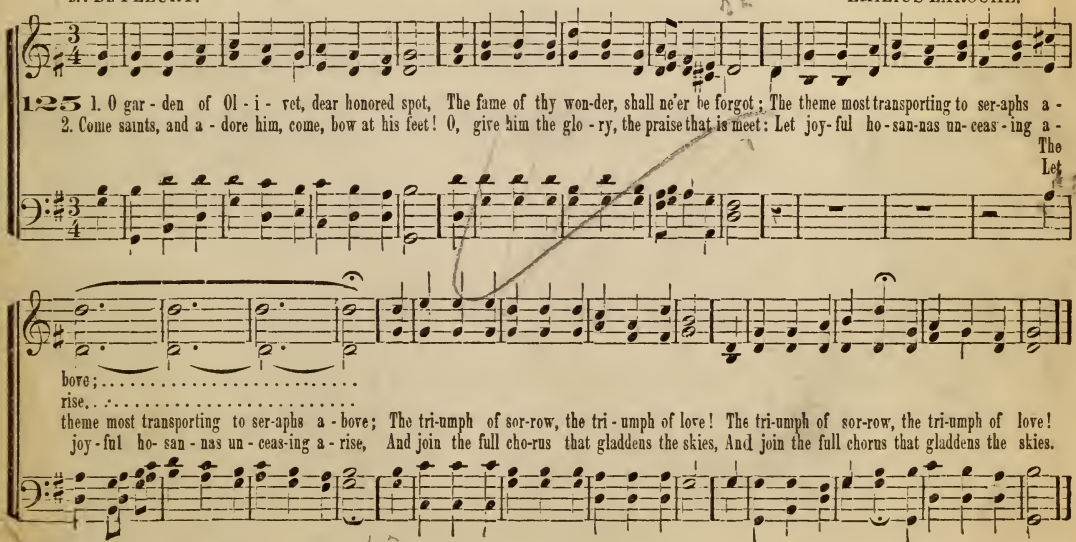
2 Go, while the day-star shineth—
Go, while thy heart is light—
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!

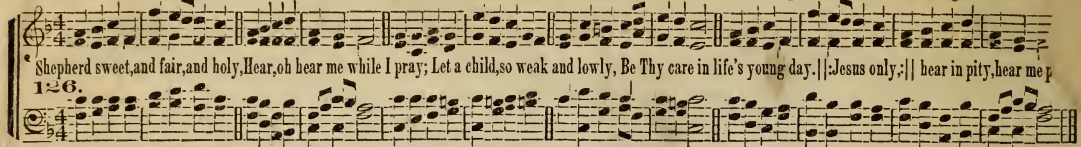


THE TRIUMPH AND GLORY. (Gethsemane. ~~No. 2.~~)

M. De FLEURY. EMILIUS LAROCHE.



142 G. T. CONGREVE. JESUS ONLY. Adapted from an Old English Air.

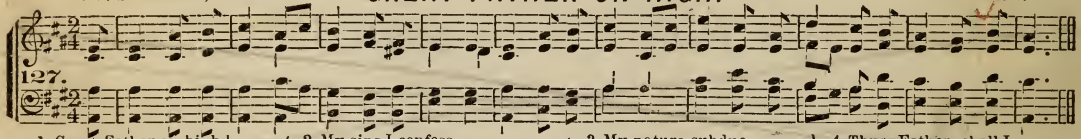


2 When Thy voice the stillness breaking,
Seems to whisper soft to me,
"Child of sin the world forsaking;
Take thy cross and follow Me"
"Jesus only! Jesus only!"
Give me grace to learn of Thee.

3 Grace to seek Thee as my Saviour,—
Grace to trust Thee as my Friend,—
Grace to love Thee as my Father,
And Thy sweet commands attend.
"Jesus only! Jesus only!"
Now and ever—without end.

4 Like a lamb of Thine for ever,
Bear me, Saviour, on Thy breast,
Guard me, keep me, leave me never;
With Thy blessing make me blest.
"Jesus only! Jesus only!"
Guide me to Thy home of rest.

T. O. SUMMERS, D. D. GREAT FATHER ON HIGH. R. M. McINTOSH.



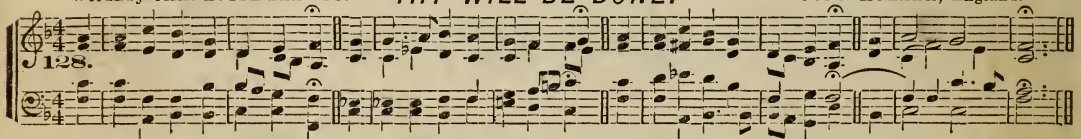
1 Great Father on high!
Look down from the sky
And listen to me,
While trying to lift up
My heart unto thee.

2 My sins I confess—
O give me thy grace,
And pardon my guilt,
Thro' Jesus, whose blood
For my pardon was spilt.

3 My nature subdue
And form it anew:
Thy Spirit impart,
Both now and forever
To dwell in my heart.

4 Thus, Father, shall I
To thee live and die;
And finally be
By angels caught up
To live ever with thee.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. THY WILL BE DONE. JOHN HULLAH, England.



1 My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!
2 Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, Thy will be done!
3 What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply, Thy will be done!
4 Tho' Thou hast called me to resign What most I prized, it ne'er was mine: I have but yielded what was Thine; Thy will, &c.
5 Should grief or sickness waste away My life in premature decay, My Father, still I strive to say, Thy will be done!
6 Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest: Thy will be done!
7 Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done!
8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer, oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore, Thy will, &c.

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